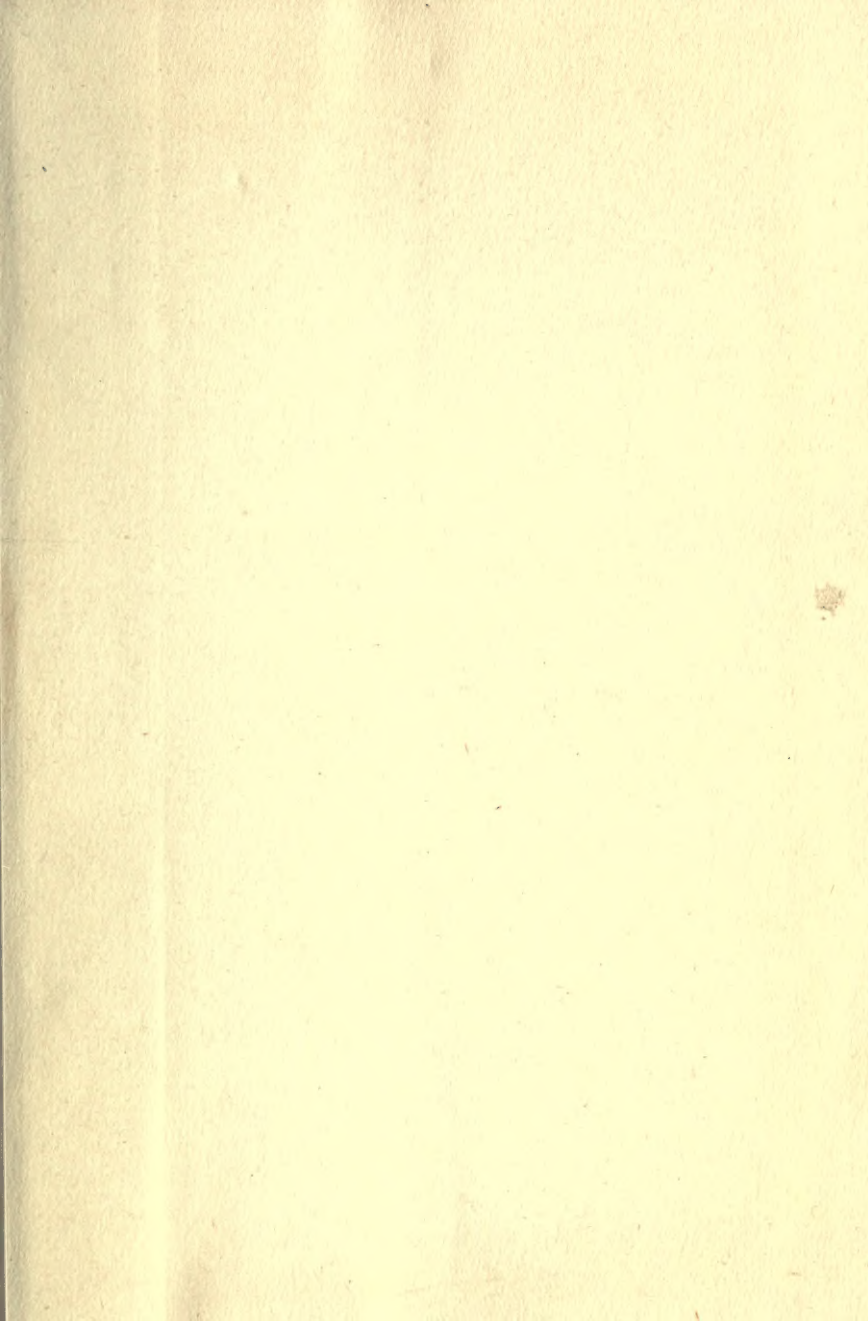






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# ENCORE !

Some More Reminiscences and New  
Platform Sketches





# ENCORE!

A NEW BOOK OF  
PLATFORM SKETCHES.

BY  
JESSIE ALEXANDER

M<sup>C</sup>LELLAND & STEWART  
PUBLISHERS • • • TORONTO

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TO THE DEAR SISTER  
WHOSE UNSELFISH DEVOTION  
HAS MADE A LONG PUBLIC CAREER POSSIBLE,  
THIS BOOK  
IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED  
BY  
JESSIE ALEXANDER ROBERTS.

May, 1922.





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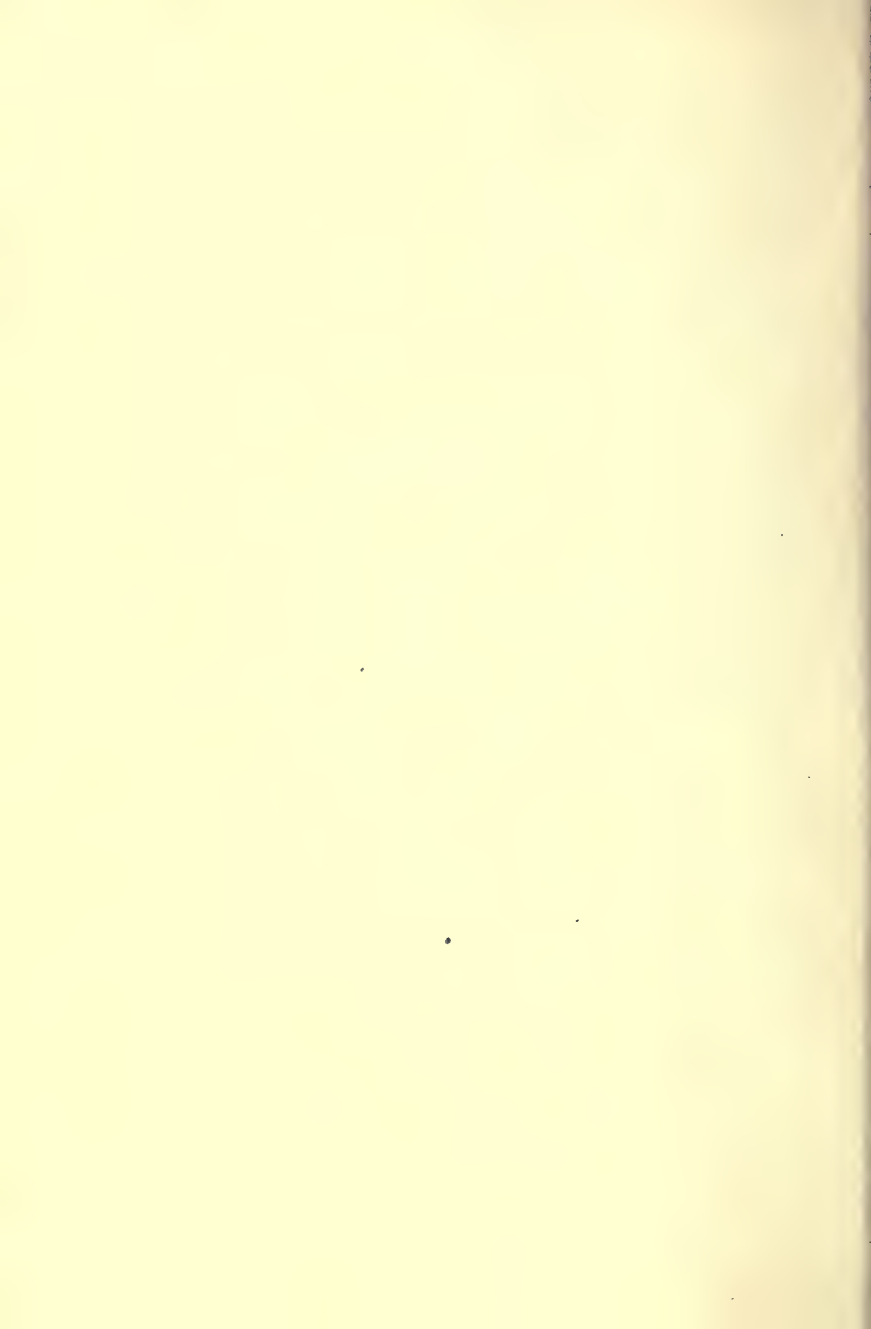
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ENCORE !





## Encore

**S**HE made her bow, a tiny tot of four  
And lisped her little piece, all unafraid.  
The audience encored, and then she said  
With eager haste, "I know a whole lot more!"  
And straightway gave them all her repertoire,  
So thrilled and pleased was she with that "Encore!"  
  
Long years rolled on and still the rhythmic beat  
Of hands approving, urged her on her way,  
As moods of tears or laughter she'd portray  
And look to see their echoes clear, repeat  
In answering faces—then accord complete,  
When "Encore!" brought her back with flying feet!  
  
Anon, the platform children of her brain,  
In neat print dress, she sent forth all alone,  
In fear lest lacking the warm vocal tone,  
They'd wake no echo. But, ah! sweet refrain,  
"Encore!" you cry—You shall not cry in vain,  
Habit persists—so here she comes again!

Yes! Here she comes again—after a momentary hesitation to be sure, for a literary encore is not as instantaneous, nor as audible, as the usual platform recall; but when enterprising publishers report an encore, with a special request for more reminiscences,

## ENCORE

what can one do but rejoice, smile, bow and begin all over again!

I think it was Ellen Terry who said that there are two signs of "getting on" in years; "one comes when your friends tell you how young you are looking; the other, when you are asked to write your reminiscences." But who cares? If one does not belong to the tribe of literal people, who reckon age by calendar months and years, one is not conscious of, nor fettered by, time limits.

To the literal people—poor bodies!—a day is 24 hours divided into periods for work, sleep, meals and recreation.

To the artist, a day is beauty from sunrise to sunset, with just enough man-made ugliness to emphasize the world's God-made loveliness. Beauty is as it was in the Beginning and the artist is a child of all the ages.

To the dramatist—and there are thousands who have never put a play on paper—a day is a new scene, a fresh thought, opportunity, incident, adventure, and above all, people, whose mental mechanism and motives, are so akin to those of Adam and Eve, that in the study of them, time is obliterated.

To the altruist, a day is service—but my prescribed duty is to reminisce, not to ruminate, and I can begin where I left off, with the literalist. This matter-of-fact person, having no dreams to occupy spare mo-

## ENCORE

ments, can devote his whole attention to the small details of his own and other folks' existence; and public people are his natural prey, his bone to pick, his juicy morsel.

When the Duchess of Devonshire arrived in Canada as the first lady of the land, a speaker recalled his presence at a similar function years before, when as daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, she had participated in the official welcome. Not wise enough to stop there, or to congratulate Canada on welcoming the same lady, with added social graces and world-wide experience, this Jumbo must count the exact number of years that intervened and with elephantine playfulness, toy in public, with the lady's years and personality.

"Let me see!" quavers the oldest inhabitant, "I'm trying to work out how long it is since I first heard you recite? About forty—no, it must be longer than that, for it was when I was just a little boy." You realize that his memory is failing, but after all, what matters a decade or two, so long as he associates you with the pleasant experiences of his childhood?

With constant practice, one can even regard as a compliment the chairman's announcement. "Entertainers come and entertainers go, but Jessie Alexander stays on forever!"

Telling the whole truth as he sees it, is the invariable custom of the literal person. Our best known

## ENCORE

Canadian humorist describes the blundering introduction of such a chairman: "Last year, as you know, we lost money on our course of lectures and this season, we determined to engage artists who could make up the deficit"—Here the lecturer preens himself and feels inspired to measure up to the requirements—till Jumbo adds, "So we decided to engage cheaper talent!" Whereupon, the lecturer shrinks visibly, to the insignificance of the article on the 10-cent counter.

One of our breezy Canadian authors recalls an occasion, on which a lady rose and said, "I am glad that it was through me, that Mrs.—— was brought to our town. You remember, I told you, you would enjoy Mrs.—— because she's never intellectual, she's so simple, that every one of us can follow her."

The literalist trots out a joke or story, with no connection whatever, or so malapropos, that the effect is anything but complimentary. "Miss Jessie Alexander will now elocute," he announces, and then proceeds to add insult to injury, by telling the story of "the man who did not believe in capital punishment, but who thought, that even the vilest criminal should be mercifully put to death, by elocution!" Fearing that the audience hadn't quite absorbed his joke, I amended, "Reciters are not supposed to *electrocute*, but to *electrify* an audience and the worst possible damage we can do, is to give them a slight shock." At

## ENCORE

the end of an evening, a twin brother of that chairman remarked, "As Miss Alexander has finished her programme, it is now in order to sing 'Praise God!'"

"What a wonderful memory you have!" says the L. P. to the reciter, actor or lecturer, noting only the machine that turns out so many words to the minute, and losing sight of the intellectual faculty that sifts out and makes clear the meaning, the dramatic insight that puts life into puppets and the imagination that gilds with beauty, the common things of life.

"My daughter is bound to become a great musician, she has such long fingers!" says an ambitious, but misguided mother.

Memory can be cultivated, fingers and voices can be trained, grace of carriage and ease before an audience can be acquired, but only nature and ancestry can bestow dramatic temperament and imagination. It manifests itself in earliest years when the child "betrays" to be a lion, a fairy, a grown-up. A vivid imagination is a fearsome possession, at times and I have a blood curdling recollection of a wild scream in the middle of the night, that hastily summoned my mother to my bedside, and only the warm encircling arms, could still the nervous terror inspired by Red Riding Hood's wolf, that with wide grin had said to me in my dreams, "Oh, Jessie, what red, fat cheeks you have!"

I can see, quite clearly, a little girl playing in the



## ENCORE

attic of a friend's house, with a colored table cover tied around her waist for a court train, instructing other mites, similarly attired, in the art of curtseying and backing out from the presence of Royalty, as represented by a picture of Queen Victoria at the age of eighteen.

I can picture, later, an upstairs classroom in Jarvis St. Collegiate, when a girl in plaid dress and yellow pig-tails, let her fancy rove from the Literature lesson to the Allan gardens, where flowers blooming and peacocks strutting suggested an English estate. The glass pavilion became a ducal palace, the maiden, a lady of high degree; and in the distance she saw, dimly, the figure of Prince Charming. His features were not distinct, but he had a broad, intellectual brow crowned with wavy hair! She had got no further than the brow, when she felt a soft tapping on her own forehead, and awoke to hear a sarcastic voice saying "Not at home!" She "came back," to see the teacher standing in the aisle, and to hear the charge: "I have asked you a question three times, and you haven't the faintest idea what it was!" Then, surely, all the fairies that peopled her world, rushed to the rescue, and from the well of her subconscious mind, drew up the submerged question, "What is Heraldry?" with its associated answer, "Heraldry is the science of armorial bearings." Was it through that same band of fairies, or was it mere coincidence,



## ENCORE

that long years after, the absent-minded pupil acted, in that same pavilion, a play called "The Happy Pair," with a man of broad brow and wavy hair—the man, who, afterwards, became her husband?

Fate is a consummate artist, who with consistent unity of purpose, weaves the pattern of human existence. Was it mere chance, that Henry Irving, whose art was an obsession, who adored felicity of phrase and dignity of expression, should utter as his last words on the stage, Beckett's dying speech, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands." And did his artist shade glow in the fitness of the climax?

Was it merely association of ideas, that prompted the theatrical manager, Charles Frohman, on board the Lusitania, to welcome death in words from his favorite play Peter Pan, written by his friend J. M. Barrie, "Now for the great adventure?"

I think not, for I believe in fairies, and in their successors of adult life, ministering spirits. That is why, when I came across a volume like Rose Fyleman's "Fairies and Chimneys," I am so happy to put in my thumb and pull out a plum, like

"There are fairies at the bottom of our garden."

## Fairies

**T**HERE are fairies at the bottom of our garden,  
It's not so very, very far away;  
You pass the gardener's shed, and you just keep  
straight ahead,  
I do so hope they've really come to stay.  
There's a little wood with moss in it—and beetles,  
And a little stream that quietly runs through,  
You'd never think they'd dare to go merry-making  
there—  
Well! they do!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,  
You can see them dancing there on summer nights,  
The butterflies and bees make a lovely little breeze,  
And the rabbits stand about and hold the lights.  
You would never think that they could sit on moon-  
beams  
Or pluck a little star to make a fan,  
Or dance away up there in the middle of the air—  
Well! they can!

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden,  
You cannot think how beautiful they are.  
They all stand up and sing, while the fairy Queen and  
King,

## FAIRIES

Come gently floating down upon their car.  
The King is very tall and very handsome,  
The Queen—you'd never guess who that can be,  
She's a little girl all day, but at night she steals away—  
Well! it's me!

—ROSE FYLEMAN.

## Arden

WE two set out for Arden,  
But somehow lost the way;  
We followed travelled thoroughfares  
And highroads workaday;  
We sought to ride in luxury,  
With luggage heaped up high,  
Packed full of richest gauds and gear  
And things that gold will buy.

But Arden's path is narrow—  
A little footway planned  
For those whose pack is made of dreams,  
Who join love's pilgrim band;  
We scorned such humble going  
And said: "There surely are  
Much broader roads to Arden,  
Where one can use a car."

We never got to Arden—  
We never shall, I know—  
We lost the one and only trail  
By which true lovers go;  
We ride in seeming splendor,  
But know at bitter cost  
How empty hearts can be without  
The Arden that we lost.

—ANON.

## Beyond the Hills of Dream

O VER the mountains of sleep, my Love,  
Over the hills of dream,  
Beyond the walls of care and fate,  
Where the loves and memories teem;  
We come to a world of fancy free,  
Where hearts forget to weep;—  
Over the mountains of dream, my Love,  
Over the hills of sleep.

Over the hills of care, my Love,  
Over the mountains of dread,  
We come to a valley glad and vast,  
Where we meet the long-lost dead;  
And there the gods in splendor dwell,  
In a land where all is fair,  
Over the mountains of dread, my Love,  
Over the hills of care.

Yea, there the sweet old years have rest,  
And there my heart would be,  
Amid the glad ones loved of yore,  
At the sign of the Fancy Free;  
And there the old lips would repeat  
Earth's memories o'er and o'er,

## BEYOND THE HILLS OF DREAM

Over the mountains of might-have-been,  
Over the hills of yore.

And there where the woods are scarlet and gold,  
And the apples are red on the tree,  
The heart of Autumn is never old  
In that country where we would be.  
And how would we come to that land, my Love?  
Follow the midnight stars,  
That swim and gleam in a milk-white stream,  
Over the night's white bars.

Sometime, sometime, we will go, my Love,  
When winter loosens to spring,  
And all the spirits of Joy are ajog,  
After the wild-bird's wing,—  
When winter and sorrow have opened their doors  
To set love's prisoners free,  
Over the mountains of woe, my Love,  
Over the hills of dree.

And when we reach there, we will know  
The faces we knew of yore,  
The lips that kissed, the hands that clasped,  
When memory loosens her store,  
And we will drink to the long dead years,  
In that inn of the golden gleam,  
Over the mountains of sleep, my Love,  
Over the hills of dream.



## BEYOND THE HILLS OF DREAM

And all the joys we missed, my Love,  
And all the hopes we knew,  
The dreams of life we dreamed in vain,  
When youth's red blossoms blew;  
And all the hearts that throbbed for us,  
In the past so sunny and fair,  
We will meet and greet in that golden land,  
Over the hills of care.

Over the mountains of sleep, my Love,  
Over the hills of dream,  
Beyond the walls of care and fate,  
Where the loves and memories teem,  
We come to a land of fancy free,  
Where hearts forget to weep,  
Over the mountains of dream, my Love,  
Over the hills of sleep.

—W. W. CAMPBELL.

## The Turning Point

THE Runt wriggled back into the depths of the district messenger bench and blew on his cold hands. All day he had wrestled with the fierce wind, with loneliness and with fear. His fingers and toes ached.

There was cold in Ireland, plenty of it, but there was always the glow of the warm peat to soften it, and there was hunger in Ireland, bitter hunger, but it always had company. Those that had stirabout shared with those that had none and there was always room at some hearthside, even for a stranger.

But here, in this promised land, there seemed to be no room for the stranger, save in bad company, and you were denied even the touch of a creature you could call your own. Why, in Ireland, even the sorriest vagabond had a dog to share his dole of food. It was hard for the lad to keep straight, in a country where the respectable and well-to-do looked upon all strangers with suspicion. Why, he wouldn't even have had this position with the district messenger company if Father O'Donnelly had not given him a hand, and now the good Father was dead. The only other kindness he had received had been from a band of thieves who had housed and fed him when he was

## THE TURNING POINT

destitute. He slept under their roof-tree now and he knew it was only a question of weeks, perhaps days, before they would drag him down to their level. Evil had her hands on his shoulders now and was pushing him down—down—

"Here! Number 107! Wake up! Do you hear?" The office-clerk was shaking him with no gentle hand.

"What do you want?"

"What do I want? Here, take this call and beat it."

The Runt pulled himself together and shuffled toward the door.

"Look here! You make short time on that call, do you understand? You haven't been Johnny on the spot lately and it won't take much to fire you. Now, hustle!"

As the Runt pulled the door open, the wind almost blew him over, "Oh! but the cold is cruel hereabouts," he muttered and went forth to meet the call. He hated being told to hustle; in Ireland, nobody hustled, but here, in this hurrying country, you ran here, you ran there, all day long, and no one said anything but hustle. He wished every call would be his last. Suppose he made this his last, went back to the Company, threw his uniform in their faces, told them all to go to thunder and joined the gang. There was much good in the gang, their ways might be evil, but their hearts were kind and they had spoken truly when

## THE TURNING POINT

they said there was no chance for the small or the vagabond. Didn't he know that! And if everything prospered, as Red Dave had said it would, he would make his little pile, go back to Ireland, buy a strip of land on the side of Bin Ban, and build the finest cabin in all Ireland. "Aha!" he would have geese and ganders a-plenty, sheep in the pasture and pigs in the byre and for company, there would be a dog!

He ran up the steps of the house whence the call had come and rang the bell.

"And it would be a dog like Peter the tailor had—an Irish terrier."

The door opened and in the hall stood a man waiting for the messenger, while at his feet, shivered a small wire-haired Irish terrier. The man picked up the dog.

"You're to take him to the address on his collar. He's a valuable dog, so look well after him. The doctor who has bought him will pay the charges at the other end. Now, hustle!"

The boy gazed at the dog as in a dream, then gathered the terrier hungrily into his arms.

"Ah-h, ye wee bit of a crathur!"

Something in his action roused the man's suspicions.

"Here, you needn't think you're going to steal that dog! I'll telephone the doctor the minute you leave this place and if you haven't got that dog there in ex-

## THE TURNING POINT

actly half an hour I'll have the whole of the New York police force after you. Now, hustle!"

"I'm no thief, yet," he muttered, and went out into the street.

He unbuttoned his coat and slipped the terrier inside.

"There, ye'll fit in where I've shrunk and it'll be kapin' ye warmer."

It might have been the touch of the warm little body against his own, it might have been the friendly lick the terrier gave his cold fingers, but something wrought a bond of comradeship between those two and welded it strong.

"Say! ye'd be a friend worth havin'! Would ye like to be a pal o' mine?"

The terrier licked his hand again.

"Aw, sure! I'm gettin' me dawg before I've built me cabin. I think ye'd like Ireland first rate, wee wan."

Hunger and cold were forgotten, and in his face, shone a joy that he had not known, since he had trod the ways of the stranger.

When he reached the street where the Doctor lived, he deliberately faced the other way. "Aw, wee wan, ye're not goin' where ye're sint—not just yet, I'm kapin' ye for the day."

Suddenly the day grew warmer, he spied a welcome patch of blue in the sky and turned the terrier's head



## THE TURNING POINT

towards it. "Well, if ye think that's blue, what'll ye say to the sky above Bin Ban? Say, the sky in Ireland is the bluest sky and the grass in Ireland is the greenest grass in the whole wide world! Faith, I mind it all as if it was yesterday, I could put me hand on the very patch of cotton grass where me an' Dan Haggerty used for to be studyin' our books of an afternoon!"

The terrier believed in him, but evidently the wharf policeman did not, for he jerked the Runt back from his dream with a heavy hand.

"Here, what are you doing with that dog?"

The Runt was frightened, but he laughed. "Say, ye needn't get so hot on yer job till ye see me wid a dawg wid a pedigree forninst. Anny one to look at that dawg, would know he hasn't anny better blood in him than I have meself. He's my pal that's what!"

"You're not much on looks either of you, that's true," and he let them go.

"Aw! I come near lossin' ye that toime! Say, I must get ye under cover somehow."

It was while he was climbing the rickety stairs to the attic where he was wont to sleep on a heap of sacks, the Runt suddenly realized whither his boldness was leading him.

"Oh, oh, oh! the gang has got me now, I'm thinkin', for the Service will fire me sure! Maybe it's not too late to take ye back yet. I'll be makin' some excuse till the Doctor—but no! I'm not willin' to give ye up yet, not for one day, anyhow."

## THE TURNING POINT

He curled up on a heap of sacks and drew an old blanket over him. He knew he was safe, for the gang was away on an out of town robbery. He had been kept awake most of the night before, listening to their wrangling.

The terrier pawed him for attention.

"Aw, ye wee bit of a craythur! I'd never 'a dared to have brung ye here if any of the gang had been layin' off! No knowin' what they'd do with ye, seein' ye're a valuable dawg. Aw, if ye were only a vagabond dawg now, I might be kapin' ye. But kapin's stealin', an' I couldn't—" Aye! he could! That was just what he was going to do! He was going to take the road that knew no loneliness and steal as hard and fast as he could, to bring the day nearer, when the land could be bought and the cabin built, with geese and ganders to furnish it. For a single moment, the Runt balanced the right and wrong of it. Then he buried himself in his dream.

"We'll have a red rose bush twinin' outside, an' a fuchsia forninst the door as high as a post—they don't be havin' anything growin' in this hurryin' country. There'll be corn for the ganders an' scrapin's for the pigs, an' potaties an' stirabout for yer dinner an' a bone twicet a week. Wait till ye've seen wan market day in Donegal, an' ye'll be proud ye was born an Irish terrier."

Suddenly the door opened and Red Dave entered.



## THE TURNING POINT

The Runt pulled the blanket over his head, but he was too late. Red Dave had seen him.

"What are you doin' here at this time of day, eh?"

"Faith, I'm makin' poethry, can't ye see?" The Runt laughed while fear gripped his heart. He was praying that the terrier would lie quiet.

"Are ye sick?"

"Aye, a spiel in me midst."

Red Dave came over and looked at the squirming quilt.

"Ye must have it bad, won't the pain let ye be?"

"No, it's heavin' me just! What fetched ye back?"

"Oh! Dago Pete's gang took a place up the River and it queered the job for us. Cops around thicker'n thieves. See here, Runt, we've got to get a kid in de gang an' if you won't pull, it's quits, see! We're sorry, but we need your shakedown for de kid, so you've got to choose now. Is it stay or quits?"

The Runt swallowed hard. "Say, ye couldn't wait till the pain l'aves me, could ye? A lad thinks muddy-like when he's sick. Lave me be and I'll squeal to-night."

Another upheaval shook the quilt.

"Say, it's took ye bad ain't it?"

"Yes! It's took me forninst the belt! Let me be, can't ye, an' I'll squeal to-night." "Sure!" Red Dave was sympathetic, he opened the door and walked out.

## THE TURNING POINT

The Runt sat up suddenly. "Faith ye're the liveliest pain a lad ever had! Well I've got to transport ye quick, wee wan, or the whole gang will be down on us."

He picked up his cap, then said. "Aw! I might as well lave me answer for Red Dave." Taking his call-book from his pocket he wrote. "It's a pull, so don't git no kid.—The Runt."

"It's no use," he said, "no use tryin' fir to kape yer feet dry or clane, if ye've got for to cross a bog!"

In the streets, the Runt shook his fist at the houses and the elevated trains. "I hate ye, I hate all of ye! I'm longin' for the hills, the green hills an' the moorlands back again! Oh wee wan, if I could only be kapin' ye! But kapin's stealin' an' I can't, no I can't!" That was the Turning Point.

An hour later a shrivelled messenger with a small Irish terrier stood on the hearth-rug of the Doctor's office while the Doctor, large and angry, glowered down at them both. "See here! Do you know, you've been exactly five hours and thirty-eight minutes delivering that dog? What do you mean by it?"

The Runt was gazing hungrily at the fire.

"I suppose you meant to steal the dog but your grit failed you at the last minute. Well what are you waiting for? I'll settle charges with the Company direct. You don't suppose they'll trust you now, do you? Well, why don't you go?"

## THE TURNING POINT

He tried to go, but the warmth held him. "It's warm!" he said, "an' it's the first sight I've had of burnin' peat since I came over."

Something about the Runt called to the Doctor. "Irish?" he inquired.

"Aye! Donegal."

"People?" "Dead."

"Who got you this position?"

"Father O'Donelly, him that died last year."

"Have you any friends?"

The Runt did not hear, for the terrier was pawing him for attention. "No, ye can't come, ye must stay here an' mind the hearth. Maybe he'll be givin' ye pratees and stirabout for yer dinner, I'm lavin' ye just."

He turned on his heel but the Doctor stopped him. "Got any friends?"

He looked at the dog. "Aye! One."

"Want another?" The Runt did not understand and the Doctor came closer. "See here lad, I was born in Ireland myself. Pretty lonely when you first come over."

"Mortial."

"Makes you long for the moorlands and the free wind sweeping the hills."

"Aye! the green hills an' the roses climbin' the cabin. I've been tellin' him all about it."

"Do you know, I need a boy to look after me and

## THE TURNING POINT

the dog. Irish doctor, Irish dog, it ought to be an Irish lad. Will you come?"

"Will I come? Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Will I come!"  
And he gathered the terrier hungrily into his arms.

—RUTH SAWYER.

## Aux Italiens

**A**T Paris it was, at the opera there;  
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,  
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;  
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,  
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;  
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,  
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,  
*Non ti scordar di me?*

Well, there in our front row box we sat  
Together, my bride betrothed and I;  
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,  
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—  
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,  
With that regal, indolent air she had;  
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
Of her former lord, good soul that he was,

## AUX ITALIENS

Who died the richest and roundest of men,  
The Marquis of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love  
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,  
Till over my eyes there began to move  
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,  
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,  
In that lost land, in that soft clime,  
In the crimson evening weather ;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot) ;  
And her warm white neck in its golden chain ;  
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again ;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast ;  
(Oh the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine  
flower!)

And the one bird singing alone in his nest ;  
And the one star over the tower :

I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my ring ;  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over ;



## AUX ITALIENS

And I thought, "Were she only living still,  
How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour,  
And of how, after all, old things are best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine flower  
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me cold!  
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet  
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked, she was sitting there,  
In a dim box over the stage; and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,  
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;  
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between:—  
From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair  
And her sumptuous scornful mien.

To my early love with her eyes downcast,  
And over her primrose face the shade,  
(In short, from the future back to the past,)  
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door,  
I traversed the passage; and down at her side  
I was sitting, a moment more.



## AUX ITALIENS

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be exprest,  
Had brought her back from the grave again,  
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!

But she loves me now, and she loved me then;  
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,

She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;  
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass;  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,

With her primrose face, for old things are best;  
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above  
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,

And love must cling where it can, I say:  
For beauty is easy enough to win;  
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think in the lives of most women and men,

There's a moment when all would go smooth  
and even,

If only the dead could find out when  
To come back and be forgiven.

## AUX ITALIENS

But oh, the smell of that jasmine flower!  
And oh, that music! and oh the way  
That voice rang out from the donjon tower,  
*Non ti scordar di me,*  
*Non ti scordar di me!*

—ROBERT BULWER LYTTON.

## The Unexpected

**T**O the traveler of dramatic temperament, one of the joys of the road is the surprise that waits "round the corner."

When I start on a journey, I seldom know who will meet me, where I shall stay, or what adventure is in store. On landing, I assume as nearly as possible the look of an unclaimed parcel, "If not called for in ten days, please return." Ten to one, the Reception Committee of one or more, walks up to the tallest and most impressive lady alighting, and inquires politely "Miss Alexander?" When the stranger haughtily disclaims any connection with such a person, the committee disappointedly comes down to little me. "You're so much smaller than we expected," they say and the feeling of humble insignificance does not depart, till an appreciative audience reassures one and somebody remarks afterwards, "You look so much taller on the stage."

Sometimes, a longer or shorter drive succeeds the train journey and a motor, in lieu of the high buggy of former years, awaits. En route, you pump the chauffeur as to the ancestry—English, Irish, Scotch, etc., and tastes of the community. "Oh, yes, our town is very critical. We've heard the very best and

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we know what's what!" "We've had"—and he proceeds to name the list of artists who have set the pace and hints warningly that only the best will pass in these parts. "How many costumes do you wear in an evening?" was one question. "Why, just one evening gown." "Well," (scornfully) "the Comic Singer sometimes wears a dozen." And you know you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Sometimes a forlorn, or occasionally, a surprisingly comfortable hotel is your stopping place, but more often, hospitable homes open their doors and hearts of gold uncover their wealth of kindness. A hostess with imagination anticipates every possible need and realizing that you are to be called in time for a very early train in the morning, softens the disagreeable experience by putting a record on the Victrola outside your door, so you open your eyes gently to the mellow tones of a beautiful Contralto singing, "Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is breaking." By the time she reaches "Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slumbers," you are up and smiling at the ingenuity of the alarm-clock substitute. "Oh, hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever; Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part? It may be for years and it may be forever!" "It may be" you think, but know that the memory, at least, will remain forever.

Sometimes, a less pleasant experience serves to em-

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phasize the happier occasions. Arriving at a small Ontario village, I was met by no one, and was obliged to follow the directions of the station agent to the house of the Secretary who had written me. "I forgot to tell anyone when you would arrive. No, there's no hotel, you're to stay with Mrs. C—" and forthwith he led me to my temporary home. Entering the dismantled spare room, my hostess apologized: "I should have had the bed made up if I had known when you were coming, but I left the room airing. You see, my father-in-law died in this room three weeks ago and it has been shut up ever since!" When, next morning I arrived at a friend's house in a neighbouring city, she greeted me with, "Why! what's the matter? You look tired to death!" "No wonder!" I sniffed, "I slept in a dead man's bed last night and I didn't sleep a wink!"

It warms the cockles of your heart, when a unique expression of appreciation comes, in the form of a tiny bag containing your concert fee in gold pieces. "What lovely money!" you exclaim and they gild the gold with the speech; "We can't find money good enough to pay for what you've given us."

In the West, an accident had delayed the train for several hours and it did not arrive till 9:15 P.M. A deputation boarded the train at the junction. "Too bad!" you say. "Of course the concert had to be cancelled." "Not at all! The audience is assembled



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at the Railway Station and the town band waiting to serenade and escort you to the Hall." Your trunk is carried up to the impromptu dressing room enclosed with white sheets; you make a quick change, and drink a cup of tea without realizing that you are silhouetting a series of shadow pictures for the interested spectators! Next day the local paper states. "Although shaken up by the accident, Miss Alexander was able to appear in six pieces!"

On one of the many occasions when my trunk failed to make connection, I telegraphed home for a second gown with accessories, to be forwarded on a train due at 8:05 P.M. As there was a hotel opposite the Hall, my hostess agreed that it would be advisable for me to go there, to be ready to don my frock the instant it arrived; so, clad in a long cloak and borrowed woollen dressing-gown which could be quickly doffed, I waited for the whistle of the train. 8:05—no sound! 8.15—no sign! 8.30—despair! The impatient concert manager demanded my presence at the Hall immediately, "dress or no dress!" My hostess, several sizes larger than I, but willing to "give me the clothes off her back," hastily transferred her black evening gown from her ample shoulders to mine. It swallowed me! We padded, pinned and looped its voluminous folds, and thus attired, I apologized breathlessly to the waiting audience. "I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting, but the train hasn't yet arrived with



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my evening clothes and I have had to come out in borrowed plumes." I changed my opening number to "The Ruggles's Dinner Party," in which poor Mrs. R— struggles to find costumes for her large family. "She that had sash, had no handkerchief; he that had collar had no necktie . . . but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them."

I had so completely forgotten the handicap of the trailing robe, that as I left the stage, it tripped me up, and my exit became an acrobatic performance. Shouts of merriment and applause summoned me back, and as I reluctantly faced the audience for the encore, behold two men walking up the centre aisle, bearing aloft the delinquent trunk!" When later, I reappeared, rather self-conscious, in my own gown, I shared the laughter of the audience and we were on the most intimate terms for the rest of the evening.

On another occasion, a white and silver gown and white slippers were forthcoming, but alas! The white silk stockings had been omitted. It was seven P.M. and not a white stocking within miles! A black isthmus stretched from skirt hem to slippers. That must not be! "Have you an old sheet or pillow-case that you can waste?" I asked. The linen was at once produced, I tore it into bandages and gave first aid to my stockingless ankles. Fortunately the absence of footlights screened the camouflage for me. Bessie Bonsall Barron, contralto, goes me one better

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on the stocking episode. She was singing in Oratorio in Ottawa and after rehearsal, had only half an hour for dressing. No evening stockings! A maid was bribed to search the Hotel for a pair—with no success. The only substitute obtainable, was a long pair of white woollen sleeves and mittens that were, in desperation, squeezed into the white satin slippers. As the Tenor sang divinely, "Lift up your eyes," the Contralto fervently hoped that the lifted eyes would rise beyond her wool-clad feet. When she crossed the stage to sing a duet with the Tenor, imagine her dismay, to see a waggish woollen thumb protruding from the instep, beckoning the gaze of the audience!

Near a mining district, one Northern village named by thirsty travellers "The Last Chance," because it bordered the "dry" mining area, furnished a mixed audience which crowded the hall. All nationalities were represented and at a point when a man clumped noisily out of the hall, I thought "Some of these foreigners can't understand much of this programme." A little later he returned and I afterwards learned that he was the pool room proprietor, who finding all his patrons at the concert, went out to close the deserted gaming house.

At a season when fresh eggs were a very scarce commodity, I said to a lady in the country, "I wonder if I could get any new laid eggs to take home?" "I'll ask Mr. L— who is chairman to-night." Mr. L— had

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none, but during the evening, he unexpectedly announced: "As you can imagine, Miss Alexander needs good nourishment to keep her in shape for such performances as she has given us and she wants some eggs, real country eggs, fresh from the nest. They must be 'like Caesar's wife, beyond suspicion,' and anybody who can supply these and will take them to the G.T.R. train at 9.10 to-morrow morning will be a public benefactor." At the appointed hour, seven egg offerings, varying from two to five dozens, materialized, and with laughing appreciation, I arranged to have them crated and expressed home.

When on a Western tour, a crown tooth showed sudden signs of insecurity. Will it hold till you reach home? you wonder. Alas! Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown! You have just announced a humorous number, when crack! down drops the vagrant bicuspid on your busy tongue! In a crisis, the mind works like lightning. Will you frankly remove the tooth with your fingers and lay it down with the other ivories on the key-board of the piano? Will you swallow it, or will you tuck it into the side of your cheek and trust to Providence and a nimble tongue, to take care of it? The last course seems least noticeable.

All through the funny story, you play a game of golf with that unnatural ball. You jab its pivot through your cheek, drive it up to your palate, almost toss

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it down the long red lane, with an explosive laugh (in an appropriate place in the story) shoot it out towards the front teeth. The game ends and you have won! The audience hasn't the faintest idea that you have been playing a double game. In the dressing-room, you deposit the offending tooth on a programme, and as you return for the encore, say airily to the astonished musicians: "Please mind my tooth till I come back."

"The Treat of the Season.

A Fowl Supper and Jessie Alexander

Admission 50 cents."

Thus read a country poster in the good old days before the H. C. of L. invaded Canada. "Yes!" remarked a farmer, "The fowl and you are a grand combination. You draw like a mustard plaster."

"Nowadays, when feed is so high and chickens bring such prices, we can't afford to donate them," declares the Ladies' Aid. "It's got to be a Fowl Supper *or* Jessie Alexander." "I see, then you toss up for it. Heads—the Fowls; Tails—Jessie Alexander?" I ask mischievously.

"No indeed, we don't gamble. We vote on it."

"And I win, I feel quite flattered."

"Well, you're much less trouble. You don't have to be roasted and cut up."

A boys' S. S. class in one of the towns, had embarked on a huge venture by engaging my services.



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The elders had misgivings, but not so the boys! A girls' class had had Miss Alexander last year and what girls had done, boys could do. Faith and work brought success and a big house, and towards the close of the concert, the chairman of the Boys' Committee addressed the audience. Incidentally, let me say, that I've discovered, that Methodist Class meetings are better training schools for glibness of speech, than any College of Oratory. Up stands this youth, a bit excited, but with all his wits about him, and says: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we thank you heartily for your patronage to-night. It has been a great undertaking and many thought that we couldn't make good. It reminds me of the story of the chameleon. You know, a chameleon is a little creature that changes color to suit any background it touches. It used to be the fashion for a young man to give his girl a little chameleon fastened to a chain, that she could pin on her dress, and the little creature would take on the pink, or blue or green tone of the waist, but one young lady put on a plaid dress and the chameleon killed itself trying to make good. Our difficulties were like the plaid waist but we've made good and we haven't killed ourselves." (Applause!)

"Again I am reminded of a chameleon. We've had lots of laughter and a few tears in this programme. We've had humor, heroism and all kinds of emotions and Miss Alexander has been a chameleon taking the color of every mood in turn."

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Bravo, Boy! That's better than the adult chairman who says:

"Good wine needs no bush and Miss Alexander needs no introduction, for you all know her, and you know that she's like good wine—she improves with age!"

Toronto has in recent years, spread to so wide an area, that occasionally, I am engaged to appear in a Church whose location is unknown to me. I am directed to "the second block past M. avenue." I reach that point and seeing a lighted church, march in at the basement door. "Are you the speaker of the evening?" the janitor asks politely, "Yes," I reply, doffing wraps, and donning evening slippers. The man stares curiously. "Where are the musicians?" I inquire. "The choir is upstairs, so is the minister. Perhaps I had better tell them you are here." The minister descends, looks at me in a dazed way and inquires: "Are you Miss W., the returned missionary?" "No, I'm Jessie Alexander." Then realizing that "someone had blundered," I ask hastily, "Is this the Methodist Church in which I am to recite?" "No," he answers with evident relief. "It's the Baptist; the Methodists worship half a block further down. We're holding a missionary meeting."

Imagine the effect, if I had stepped out in full regalia and treated the missionary meeting to a humorous selection! But I should have had one appreciative



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listener, for the janitor murmured as he opened the door for me, "I wish this was the Methodist Church."

At a Caledonian concert on a "Burns' night," exhaustion and an over-heated dressing-room had proved too much for me. A fellow-artist rushed into the wings where a number of Scotia's sons were assembled and said excitedly, "Miss Alexander has fainted! Can some one run for a restorative?" Instantly, every Scotchman's hand shot towards his hip pocket and simultaneously, eleven flasks were proffered. Needless to say, that was before the days of the O.T.A. After the concert, a member of the audience said innocently, "I don't believe you ever recited with more spirit than you did to-night!" "I don't believe I ever did," I murmured between closed lips, hoping that the source of the "spirit" was not too apparent.

I had no curiosity regarding the spirit photographs recently exhibited by Sir. Arthur Conan Doyle, having encountered the phenomenon of ghost pictures fully twenty-five years ago.

I was filling some American engagements with Mrs. Emma Beebe Caldwell, coloratura soprano, and in the State of Pennsylvania, which proudly claimed her as a native daughter, we were frequently entertained by friends of her girlhood. Nearing the town of T.—she explained that our prospective hostess, whom she had not seen for years, had become, in the interval, an ardent spiritualist and had made frequent visits to

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Lilydale, a camp where spooks were wont to congregate.

However, we saw nothing uncanny about our genial hostess or her surroundings, until, after the concert, we repaired for refreshments to an up-stair sitting-room. Then, suddenly, we became conscious of an eerie atmosphere. The walls were hung with ghostly photographs of departed friends—the vague, shadowy forms recalling to my mind Sir Frederick Leighton's painting, "When the Sea Gives Up its Dead."

Mrs. C., impressionable, imaginative, with the sensitiveness of the true artist, plainly showed her uneasiness and tried vainly to escape the lure of the weird pictures.

As for me, less than an hour before, I had been reciting the lines of Juliet's Potion Scene—visualizing the vault—

"That ancient receptacle,  
Where for these many hundred years, the bones  
Of my buried ancestors are packed,  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
Lies festering in his shroud, etc."

And the phantom pictures seemed to be but a hair-raising continuation of that scene.

Left alone for a few moments, we shivered in unison, and my friend said firmly, "We shall sleep in the same room to-night," then whispered, "What are the messages written on the slates?" I tip-toed across

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the room, to read such subtle injunctions as, "Don't worry, I'm happy!"

In the middle of the night, I awoke with a start, to feel a hand clutching my shoulder and to hear a terrified whisper: "What's that?" "Tap-tap-tap, tap-tap," came a mysterious sound from the sitting-room.

"Oh, I know there's something wrong at home," wailed the soprano. "Won't you please get up and light the gas?"

The chandelier hung high in the centre of the ceiling, and as I moved a chair towards it, I stumbled, and down fell the chair with a crash! A smothered shriek issued from the bed. Then we heard footsteps and the substantial voice of our hostess asked, "Is anything wrong?" "M-M-Mrs. Caldwell isn't well. She has taken a chill," I replied—not untruthfully. "Why, she's chattering," said the lady sympathetically. "Shall I get you some spirits?" "What's that sound across the hall?" I asked hastily. "Oh, that's the sitting-room radiator, I hope it hasn't disturbed you."

Her exit was the signal for a burst of hysterical giggles.

For many years after, any foolish fears expressed by either of us were promptly dispelled, by the utterance of the reminiscent word, "Radiator!"

I had always aimed at spontaneity of expression, and had rather prided myself on the absence of any

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perfunctory or mechanical effect in my reading, but, alas! pride goeth before a fall.

Going from room to room to recite to the bed patients of a Military Hospital, I was followed by a convalescent, who was able to get about on crutches. "You musn't keep on following me," I said, "I'm repeating myself like a phonograph." "Well," was the well-meaning retort, "You're a darned good phonograph, and I like to see you putting on the records."

On board a train, the morning after a recital, a woman crossed the aisle and sitting down beside me expressed her appreciation of the programme. "Do you ever have any trouble with your voice?" she asked. "Sometimes, when I have a cold," I admitted. "Well, my husband is in the same line of business as yourself, and he has a gargle that clears up hoarseness like a charm. I'll give you the prescription." "What is your husband's profession?" I asked. "He's an auctioneer," she said proudly.

At a Scotch concert in the Royal City, the footlights were blazing a hundred strong. "You look ghastly in that light," criticized the contralto, "do let me apply the blush-brush." When I emerged from the dressing room, an old Scotch committeeman whom I had met annually, innocently exclaimed. "Eh, but ye're lookin' bonnie, the nicht—fresh as paint."

"Trying it on the dog" is a phrase which I have discovered may be taken literally. In the summer of

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1900, I was rehearsing for a programme for The Institute of Arts and Letters, Brooklyn, New York., Tennyson's poem, *Enoch Arden*, with descriptive music by Richard Strauss, played by that wizard of the keys, Mrs. H. M. Blight.

When I reached the most poignant phrase in the poem, "Not to tell her, never to let her know," the accompaniment was so affecting, that my voice broke and tears flowed. Our Irish setter "Brian Boru" who ordinarily did not object to music, had been growing restive, as the feeling of the poem increased, and when we reached the climax, he rose on his hind legs and uttering dismal howls, put his paws on my shoulders and licked my tears.

At the next rehearsal, the same performance took place at the very same phrase, then Brian bared his teeth and growled threateningly at the accompanist. From that day, Mrs. B. dared not approach the house until my emotional Irish protector had been securely chained.

Evidently, in his doggy mind, she had been associated with, and was therefore responsible for my distress. It would be interesting to know the point where animal intelligence ends, and human reason begins.

At a church concert towards the end of an exhausting programme, Mrs. Blight played an organ solo and was enthusiastically encored. After bowing repeat-



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edly in response to the recalls, she sat down to play the accompaniment of the next number, which happened to be a selection from "Elijah"—"It is enough, O Lord, now let me die"—a fitting expression of her own feelings!

For a programme at the Central Prison, I had chosen my numbers and possible encores with great care but when an "extra" was requested, I selected off-hand, Samuel Lover's story of the Irish emigrant—"Jimmy Hoy," who, getting on board the wrong ship was obliged to work his passage. Jimmy's many mistakes supply the humor of the story. Cutting a swath of canvas from a sail, he proceeded to make a hammock to sleep in. When the Captain discovered the damaged sail he shouted, "Who cut that sail?" "Oi did, sorr," said Jimmy, "Oi did! But Oi only tuk two yarrds of it." "Give him a dozen," roared the Captain. (Then the whole male audience roared for several seconds). I was so covered with confusion, over the unintentional breach of taste amid those surroundings, that I could scarcely continue the story—"Oh, thank ye, sorr, but two yarrds is quite enough. An' what d'ye think he mint by the dozen?" "It was the lashes he mint." (More roars from the men and deeper embarrassment for me).

My friend, Mrs. R. J. Dilworth, soprano, suffered a similar experience at the Prison. Choosing some of her brightest songs, she began with "May Morn-



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ing," not realizing the absurdity of its sentiment within those walls, till she carolled the opening lines :

"Come out, come out, my dearest dear,

"Come out and greet the morn."

and finished each verse with the threefold entreaty, "Come out, come out, come out!" The Warden, a wise man who gave humor its natural place where it was so much needed, commented: "Though we're not in a position at present, to accept the invitation to 'Come out,' we're delighted to have the singer come in and invite us so charmingly." (Appreciative laughter!)

That it is risky to telephone one's programme numbers to committee or printer, has been amply demonstrated, "Coaching in Scotland" appeared "Poaching in Scotland" and I was obliged to inform the audience that I was not guilty of the offense of poaching. "Ginevra" degenerated on her proof sheet to "Gin Ever." Handel's "Sound an Alarm" read "Found and Alarmed." A selection from the "Stabat Mater" was disguised as "The Starboard Martyr" and a humorous journal remarked that the "Stabat Mater" had evidently become sea-sick in crossing the Atlantic." It was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous when "The Funeral March by Chopin" (the composer's name spelled to make it clear) descended to "A Few Remarks on Shoppin'" and "The Marseillaise" became frivolous as "The Marcel Wave."

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"East is East and West is West  
And never the twain shall meet."

says Kipling, but at least there are occasional incidents that seem to bring the Old World very near the New. Strolling about Stratford-on-Avon one day, my funny-bone was suddenly tickled by a sign, "Bacon's Restaurant." "Think of a Bacon conducting a restaurant in Shakespeare's town!" I said to my brother and the whim seized us to have afternoon tea at Mr. Bacon's. "There's a nice little private room upstairs," said a polite attendant. And there was—a room with mullioned windows and roses in bowls and a sweet little waitress looking like an English rose in bloom.

"Is the Mr. Bacon who owns this place the Bacon who wrote Shakespeare's plays?" asked my facetious brother. "Oh, no sir," said the puzzled waitress, "it was Shakespeare who wrote the plays. You can see the desk at the Grammar School where he wrote 'em." I am always rather ashamed when anyone tries "joshing" a simple soul so I said by way of apology for our ignorance, "We're from Canada and we are enjoying your English country so much." Her whole manner changed, the demure face was now alive with eagerness as with clasped hands she exclaimed, "Oh! from Canada! I have a *friend* in Canada. I wonder if you might know him. He lives in a shire called Sa-Scratch-e-wan." I often wonder now if that English rose is blooming in our Western Province.

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A few days before I left California for British Columbia, the Canadian colony at San Diego arranged on two days' notice for a recital. There was no time to print programmes. An Ontario lady requested me to give an original travelogue "Coaching in Scotland" and during intermission I managed to recapture the words of the sketch. From the beginning of the monologue I noticed a man with cheek-bones like Scotch hills sitting forward in his chair, and when I reached the speeches of the old portress of Craigmillar Castle, the Scotchman slapped his knee and chuckled with special enjoyment. At the end of the programme he greeted me with "Ye've got Mistress Simpson doon tae the life." Then he told me he had been Head Gardener at Craigmillar Castle for fifteen years and was now superintending Mission Gardens—one of the attractions of San Diego which I had seen in the afternoon. "Ye'll mebbe, come to-morrow mornin' and let me show ye the gardens masel'." "Unfortunately I'm leaving at 8 a.m. for Pasadena." As I was boarding the train I heard a messenger boy paging me loudly, "Miss Jessie Alexander," and he held in his arms a huge box which contained masses of some of the rarest flowers in the gardens, and a message from the Superintendent "In Remembrance of Craigmillar."

In the month of May, a G.T.R. train was moving through the Niagara fruit-belt. My destination was a flag-station. The conductor pulled the rope, the

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brakeman, carrying my suit-case, jumped into the ditch, caught me in his arms, deposited me safely and hopped on the moving train. I viewed the landscape o'er and caught my breath at the pink and white beauty of that world of bloom. In the distance, I saw a man approaching. He led me to a cottage framed with lilacs. At the door, stood a smiling woman holding in her arms, an apple-blossom of a baby.

"I believe I've strayed into the Garden of Eden," I remarked after first greetings.

"Tell her!" said the woman, mysteriously, to her husband.

"No! You tell her," urged the man.

"Well!" she began, with feminine readiness, "Four years ago, before we were married, we lived near Ottawa, and one night Jim drove me to a concert in the city. On the way home, we talked of 'Two Scotch Courtships' and the conversation led to a proposal. So we said then, that if you ever came near our home, we were going to entertain you."

"And they lived happily ever afterwards," I quoted, feeling like a beneficent matrimonial bureau.

Many years after, at a concert in Hamilton, my friends came to greet me: "You don't remember me?" said the lady.

"Don't I? How's the Apple-blossom baby?"

"He has just passed his Entrance Examination into High School," said the mother of the baby, rather regretfully.

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And so, the serial stories add their chapters, one by one, and I go on rejoicing that so many individuals and households and audiences have enlarged the circumference of my world; and grateful that so many of the human family have been willing to share with me the humor, the beauty, the joys and the comforts of life.

—JESSIE ALEXANDER.



## Registration Day

**A**N elaborate system of registration had been set in motion by the Canadian Government, and a Toronto Woman's Club to which I belonged, had rashly undertaken to assist in registering the general public in the T. Eaton Store. When the daily papers announced that that Booth would be opened two days ahead of the usual appointed week, all the fore-hand-ed individuals who love to get ahead of the other fellow, thronged the entrance in the early morning and when the doors were opened, poured in like an avalanche! Old and young, bold and timid, Jew and Gentile, intelligent and ignorant, jostled each other, in their eagerness to be interrogated, and formed in line twenty deep in front of each Registrar.

If you have ever tried to induce people to give direct answers to a series of questions, you too, have realized how "prone to wander" the average human mind is. Of course, this sketch has nothing to do with direct, intelligent people like ourselves—but deals with the voluble individuals, who wanted to put on record, pages of personal history. At a time like June, 1918, the patriotic note was frequently sounded:

"I was bawn in England, I wouldn't've been bawn anywhere else, not for the 'ole wide world!"



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"British subject of coawse,—a British subject I was bawn, British subject I shall die."

"No, no children under 16, all ov 'em over 18 and all ov 'em fightin' in France."

"Yes, I could do full-time paid work for the Government. You see I 'ave no 'ome ties. I've got three 'usbands and a son—I mean three sons and a 'usband fightin' in France."

"Yes, I'll do anythink the Government wants me to do. I'll get down on my knees and scrub floors, if so be the Government wants me to."

And all through her answers, she never let the old flag fall.

Then there was the elderly gentleman who was old enough to be proud of his years. When asked his age, he playfully responded with:

"Now, how old would you take me to be? Ha! Ha! You'd never guess my age! All my friends say I'm the most deceitful man about age, of anybody they know. You'd never guess that I was eighty? Purty hale and hearty for eighty, purty hale and hearty!"

"Are you single, married, a widower or divorced?"

"Oh, I'm single—Thank God! I'm not a widower and I'm not divorced. No! I never got myself into no scrapes of that kind. My three unmarried sisters and I live together and we jog along pretty comfortable. Ye-es: pretty comfortable!"

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"What is your occupation?"

"Well in the winter time, I tend to the furnace and I clean the snow and in the summer time, I cut the grass; and everybody says there isn't a lawn on our street looks like mine. And you ought to see my tulip-bed, I've got the finest tulips in the city of Toronto."

"Yes, yes, but have you any outside work?"

"Why, the snow's outside and the grass is outside."

"No, I mean, have you any *regular business*?"

"No-o-o."

"Well then, I'll put you down 'No occupation'."

"No you won't! I'm no loafer and I won't be put down 'no occupation'."

Here a voice like rugged rocks, pierced the air:

"Ma name is Isabella MacWhirr. Ah live at twinty-five Aiberrdeen Aivenue an' ah'm thirrtysen yearrs auld."

"Any children under 16?"

"Aye, fower o' them! At hame starrvin' wi' hunger this meenit, while ah'm staundin' in line here waitin' for tae registerr."

"Has anyone else registered those children but you?"

"And wha' would registerr the bairns but masel?"

"Their father, perhaps."

"Toots! their fayther's in France lickin' the Kay-serr!"

"Would your health or home-ties permit you to

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give full-time paid work for the Government?"

"Toots! wi' fower bairns at hame? Na, na! Hame's best, as the deil said when he went to the court o' session—But ah'm savin' a' ma' pennies to buy Victory Bonds. Aye. Ah've had a bond, every time they've been issued."

"My home's in Rosedale"—"Rosedale" (repeated with genteel emphasis). "Oh! You don't put the district? Just the street and number? But I really think you ought to put *Rosedale*, for that would show the *class* of the person registering—don't you think?"

"I'm sixty years old—to-day. This is my birthday and that's why I braved all this crowd, because I was so anxious to register on my birthday. Have you ever noticed all the important events take place in June. King George was born in June, he was crowned in June. I was born in June, I was married in June and I hope to die in June."

"Oh, don't die in June!" protested the sympathetic Registrar, June is too lovely a month to pass away in."

"Oh, I don't mean this June—I mean some June a long way off."

"No, choose dreary November, or one of the severe winter months."

"No, indeed I won't! Flowers are so expensive in the winter and mourners always catch cold at winter funerals, and I'm so very considerate, that I'm sure

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I would not be happy even in Heaven, if I thought that the mourners had caught cold at my funeral."

"My name is I-say Comeoffsky."

"Your nationality?"

"Hebrew."

"No, that doesn't tell your nationality. A Hebrew might be anything. He might be German."

"No, no, no!" (vehemently). "Russian!"

"Occupation?"

"Huh?"

"Business?"

"Rotten!"

"No, I didn't mean to ask, 'How's business', but *What* is your business?"

"Second-hand clothing, rags, bones, bottles."

"In what capacity do you think you could best serve the country?"

"Huh?"

"What work do you think you could do for the Government?"

Isay shakes his head doubtfully, then answers hopefully:

"I can buy and sell soldier's oldt boots. Lady, if you have any oldt boots to sell, I geef you de best brice."

"Comeoffsky, sign your name."

Then came a breeze from the Emerald Isle: "I have it all writ down here. Ye see, I do get that bamfoozled,

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when questions is fired at me. Why, whin I was marrid—I was verra young at the toime,—whin the minister said to me, ‘Will you take this man to be yer widded husband?’ I was that kerflummaxed, I siz, ‘I dunno’!—an’ me husband has niver trusted me since; so he writ it ahll down for me an’ I’ll rade it out to ye.” “I was bornn in County Cork in the year 1859, an’ I’m 57 years owld.”

“But if you were born in ’59 you must be 59 years old.”

“No, no! It siz here I’m 57 years old.”

“Then you were not born in ’59.”

“Yis, yis, it siz here I was bornn in ’59.”

“Then there must be some mistake.”

“Aw! think of that man makin’ a mistake, when he writ it all down for me so I wouldn’t make anny mistake. Jawn, Jawn! (There he is over there registratin’ with that fluffy-haired gairl.) Trust him for pickin’ out a purty wan! Jawn!”

When John had finished signing, he came over to see what the trouble was and his wife explained. “Jawn! Ye towld the lady a lie! Ye sid I was 57, an’ the lady siz I’m 59.”

“An’ how does the lady know?”

“She siz that if I was bornn in ’59 I’m 59 years owld.”

“Well! that’s quare! Thin, yer mother must have towld me a lie when ye married me. She said ye



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were 16—ye must have been 18.”

“Aw! listen to the man! Callin’ my mother a liar an’ her dead for thirty years in her grave! Aw! listen to the man!”

“Aw! I knew she’d be rarin’ up on her hind legs, about somethin’. Ye see, lady, she comes from the South an’ she’s always spilin’ for a foight an’ that’s why I wrote it all down for her.”

“Well, never mind! we’ll say she was born in ’61 and she’s 57.”

“There now! The lady’s takin’ two years off yer age. Now ye have no kick comin’, for don’t ye see the lady has given ye two years longer to live.”

Then came the man who was rather hard of hearing, and who, amid the din of the big store, failed to catch the gist of some of the questions.

“Your occupation? (then very loudly) “*Occupation?*”

(Deaf man, with hand to ear). “Situation? Yes, I’ve got a situation.”

“Well, what is it?”

“No, I’m not on a *visit*. I live here.”

“What do you do?” “What do you *do*?”

“Pretty well, thank you.”

“No, no, what do you do for a *living*?”

“What am I *giving*? This isn’t Tag Day is it? I thought it was Registration Day.”

“Have you ever worked on a *farm*?”



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"No, no, I never broke my *arm*."

"Can you drive a tractor?"

"No, I'm not an *actor*, I'm a house-painter."

"Can you handle horses—*horses*?"

"What? *Corsets*! No, I never wore corsets. I never heard such fool questions in all my life. I think that Union Government ought to be put in a home for the feeble-minded!"

And the youngest Registrar present, was not surprised, when that night, she found her first gray hair.

—JESSIE ALEXANDER.

# Peace Night in Trafalgar Square

*(Written for Sons of England Concert on Trafalgar Night.)*

THE long-looked for Peace had at last arrived and all England was rejoicing. Bonfires blazed on every hill, London streets that had so long been shrouded in darkness, were blazing with light, scintillating with fire works, echoing with cheers.

At a junction where many bus lines converged, women-conductors were manfully striving to cope with the crowds that thronged the busses. Here and there a male conductor made his authority felt. "Maik 'aiste, maik 'aiste! Don't block up the doorway, laidy. Get in or get out."

"I cawn't," wailed the stout lady. "Don't you see I'm stuck?"

"Try it sideways, laidy!"

"I 'aven't got any sideways."

She couldn't get in, but they managed to pull her out.

"Try a keb, laidy. There's one with the door off, I think that might fit you."

She moved towards the curb and eyed the wobbly horse.

"Your horse doesn't look over strong, I'm afraid he couldn't bear my weight."

## PEACE NIGHT

"Oh, yes! laidy, e'es as strong as a 'orse. Oh, you'd be a fairy for 'im to carry! 'ee does look a bit dahn to-night but you see, the cheers remind him of the days w'en 'e used to win the Derby."

Mothers were congratulating themselves and each other, on the safety of their sons. "Thank God, it's peace at last and we can sleep soundly in our beds to-night."

"I'll warrant the Kaiser's fair mad wi' our Johnnie to-night. The Germans 'ave been tryin' to 'it 'im for four years, and now 'ere it's Peace Night an' e' 'asn't got a scratch."

"Ow, Mrs. Jenkins, I 'aven't seen you since George came back. I'll bet 'e's come 'ome with the Victoria Cross."

"Victoria Cross, nothin'! All 'ee's come 'ome with, is the rheumatism."

A small boy was howling lustily. "Stop your noise! Stop your noise!" said his irritated mother, "Makin' such a row on Peace Night! What's the matter with you?"

"That's wot! I wanted to be a soldier an' fight the Germans, an' 'ere it's Peace Night and now I cawn't!"

Three Canadian girls crossed the square to inquire of the magnificent London Bobby. "Which bus do we take to Charing Cross?"

"Do you mean Charing Cross Station, Charing

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Cross Road, or Charing Cross?"

"I don't know, Charing Cross, I guess."

"You mustn't *guess*, you must *knaow*. You're Americans, I should judge."

"You shouldn't *judge*, you should *know*! We're Canadians."

"Canaidians! Aah, that's a horse of another color. We're proud of the Canaidians. I'll show you to your bus. The route for you to take is down the Strand, for there, at Beaver Hut, the Canaidians are making a night of it."

When they reached the Strand, they found it a mad mid-way. Every girl that ventured out on foot was seized by a Maple Leaf soldier and whirled madly down the street to the tune of "Where do we go from here." Fireworks, bands, penny whistles, tin pans—every conceivable and inconceivable instrument testified to the wild joy of young Canada in the prospect of peace and home. Busses were stopped or forced to turn down the side streets.

At last Trafalgar Square hove in sight, a dense mass of humanity below, a blaze of light above, and in the midst, the Nelson Shaft, that seemed to mark the very centre of the Empire.

Aeroplanes hovered above, dropping copies of the Peace proclamation down on the crowds below.

"Aoh! look at the aireoplanes! That thick in the sky, the birds 'ave 'ad to come down and walk."

## PEACE NIGHT

"Eh, Sandy mon, ah'm gled tae meet ye. Come roon' wi' me tae Cockspur Street. There's a graun' celebration there. Saxteen bagpipes a' playin' at yince an' every wan playin' a different tune; man, it's graun'!"

A group of dancers from one of the theatres were giving a free performance and crowds craned their necks to see.

"I say laidy, would you mind tykin' off your 'at so we can see the dancin'."

"I will if you'll tie back your ears so the people be'ind you can see."

"Fellow-sardines," shouted a humorist. "Do let us 'ave peace in the tin, on Peace Night. The lady's modest. She don't want to tike off 'er 'at because 'er 'air ain't *dressed*."

"Jonas!" said an old Yorkshireman to his soldier son. "Can ye lift yer mother oop to see the dancin'?"

"No, faither, ah am feared ah can't, me arms is pinned to ma sides like a goose i' the oven."

"Aw! Never mind me!" says dear little mother. "Nothing matters to-night. Nothing, but Peace. It's wee Garge ah'm thinkin' aboot. What can ye see Garge?"

"Nowt but 'ats!" wails George. "An' ma tongue's as dry as a 'ayrake."

"Aw! why don't ye sook wan o' them thirst squenchers I bought for ye?"

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"I can't. They're doon in ma pocket an' I can't get ma hands doon to them."

"Some celebration!" drawled a strange voice. "Makes me think of little old New Yawk." then he began to hum, "And we won't be back till it's over, over there." "Didn't take us long to clean up!"

"It didn't, eh?" snarled a choleric old John Bull. "S'y, did you 'ear 'ow the first American was wounded in the war? No? Well I'll tell ye. An' Englishman was showin' 'im the trenches back of the lines, an' the Yank began tellin' 'ow they 'ad come over to win the war, 'an first thing 'e knowed — 'e *didn't know nothin'!*"

A group of noisy youths were shouting:

"Who won the war, who won the war?"

The flying corps, the flying corps,

They won the war!"

While a rival faction retorted:

"Who won the war? Ask old Master Davy,

Who won the war? It was *The British Navy!*"

—JESSIE ALEXANDER.



## The High Cost of Living

THE scene is laid at a Ladies' Aid meeting in the City—a very democratic L. A. Society, for five years of war work had swept away all class distinctions and Mrs. Hogan's shrewd common-sense was as highly valued as Mrs. Highbrow's culture.

When the President announced that at the next meeting, there would be a general discussion on the H. C. of L., a record attendance was assured. Everybody turned out and everybody wanted to talk at once:

"Order, order, Ladies!" shouted the President, rapping on the table. "One at a time, please! and try to remember that three things we want to consider are: "What commodities are high? What substitutes may be used for them? And possible remedies for the whole situation."

"An' 'whut commoadities are no high? Ah, wad like tae ask? Ivrything has soared tae the height o' Ben Lomond, till it's clean beyond the reach o' iverybody, but Profiteers an' millionaires."

"Yes, do you know that certain kinds of food are scarcely known even by name, to some of the children nowadays? A few days before Xmas, a small boy brought my grocery order and when I took the cran-

## THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

berries, I said, 'Now that we have the trimmings, we must get turkey to go with them.' "

"Turkey?" queried the lad blankly, "What's turkey?"

"Don't you know what turkey is?"

"Oh, yes! that's a country on the map."

"Have you never seen a turkey-gobbler?"

"Sure I have! I've seen pictures of them in a book, an' I saw some live ones once at the Exhibition."

"Well, if meat keeps on soaring, it will be an unknown quantity to the next generation."

"Jim says that the only way we can have one of those nice, thick tenderloin steaks nowadays, is to buy one on the instalment plan, one dollar down and so much a week, till it's paid for."

"Well, perhaps we weren't intended to eat so much meat. Perhaps it is meant that we should be cured of the bad habit of eating meat."

"Humph! Well, the down-town restaurants are doing their best to complete the cure. When I see the large area of bone and gristle and the small square-inch of meat they give you for an order, I am reminded of the old story of the waiter, who said to the grumpy looking patron:

"How did you find your meat, sir?"

"How did I find my meat? Why, I pushed aside the small spot of potato and I found the morsel of meat lurking underneath."

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"Oh! but I heard a worse one than that, the other day: A student who patronized the restaurants found that he could not afford anything but stew; and when the order came, it looked like a rag and a bone and you know what else? He took his pen-knife and carved his initials on that bone and behold! after many days, the old familiar bone came back to him."

"Well, now, I'll bet there's more truth than poethry in that story; an' yit there's no excuse for ut. No excuse whativer! Whoy, I can take a bit uv skirtin', a chape cut an' maybe tough at that, an' I can simmer it down into an illigant stew, till it's that tinder, ut's own mother wouldn't know ut. Av coorse, a stew is a very democratic dish, it dipinds on all the ingradientes—purticlarly the pittaties. Last year whin the supploy av winter pittaties went done, I wint to the butchers to buoy some and whin the man siz, 'A dollar a peck!' I near fell dead at his fate."

"A dollar," siz I, "Man! its not goold nuggets I'm askin' for, it's *spuds*!"

"That's the proice," siz he.

"Man!" I siz, "ye ought to be ashamed to luk a murphy in the eye."

"Well, it's not my fault," siz he, "what with the middlemen nibblin' little bites off the profits, —"

"Yis!" siz I, "An' the big profiteers gobblin' big bites, sure there's precious few bites left for the childer."

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"Oh, but Mrs. Hogan, when potatoes are high, rice is a very good substitute."

"Och, sure, I couldn't be puttin' rice into an Irish stew; that would be a Chinese dish I'd be servin'."

"Aye, but when tatties gaed sky-high what does the gover'ment dae but clap a tax on rice. Twenty cents a pound! Ma conscience! When I think of the rice we've thrown awa at weddin's I feel it's jist a judgment on us—jist a judgment!"

"But, Mrs. Dowsley, confetti is a good substitute for rice at weddings."

"Aye! An' I suppose they'll be askin' us next tae make confetti puddin's, an' I dinna ken but they'll be jist as nourishin' as these wee doll's mattresses of sawdust that they're substitutin' for guid oatmeal porridge. I think masel that if the Lord had intended us to eat hay, he would a made horses o' us in the first place."

"Aye! an' the high prices are givin' the young folk terrible **extravagant** notions. They think naething o' forty or fifty dollars for a suit and twelve for a pair o' boots."

"Why, my young nephew says that it's not the High Cost of Living that worries him, but the high cost of *loving*. He takes a girl in for a Cantelope Sundae and bang goes seventy cents!"

"Cantelope Sunday," ma word! If he keeps on like that he *can't elope* Monday aither! What we need nowadays is a guid dose o' thrift."

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"Not much chance for young couples, nowadays! They've gone up on the rent of our apartment three times in the last year."

"But the glad-hand artists at the City Hall have got busy over the rents. Have you ever noticed that about two months before election, they're so concerned about the transportation question and the price of milk?"

"Aye! Those are the popular planks in their platform. Ma laddie says tae me, 'Whut's a platform, maw?' 'Son,' I says, 'A platform is a thing to get *in on*. Once ye're in, it disna maitter whether ye stand on it or no. Oh, no! When ye're elected, ye can hop off yer platform an' store away yer planks for the next election.' But it's the bairns I'm worryin' aboot, for wi' milk an' butter, eggs an' bacon sae dear, it'll be a puir, peely-waly lookin' lot o' bairns the country'll be raisin'."

"Yis! An' the politicians'll get up an' talk so gra-and about the childer being the 'Assets of the country.' Humph! I think mesilf, it's the politicians are the *asses* of the country! Talkin' about childher bein' the assets of the country, an' thin protectin' the profiteers an' considerin' the combines! Now look at sugar!"

"Ah'm gled tae look at it, Mistress Hogan, it was oot a' sicht sae lang, aye! but it cam doon."

"Yis, an' whoy did it come down? Because the



## THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

women got afther the politicians an' the politicians got afther the profiteers; an' that's what we'll have to do, ladies. What is government but housekeepin' on a la-arge scale? An' it's toime the expert housekeepers got busy an' did a bit of houseclanin' an' tidyin' up. My man siz to me, 'Don't you meddle in politics, women'll make *hash* av politics.' "Well," siz I, 'I can make *good hash*!' 'Ye can, ye, re a fine housekeeper', siz he, 'An' I've heard ye say yersilf, that the woman's place is the home.' 'Sure it is,' siz I, 'the woman's place is the home—but the whole country is her home an' she wants to make it as clane, and as dacent, an' as honest as what her own home is.' Does a woman run the home for profit? No! she runs it for the health and happiness of the folks in it an' so the childher'll have a better chance than what their parents had. Does the government run the big house that way? No! they run it for business an' politics an' the big interests, an' thin wrap up what's left of their sows in a dollar bill. So, I move that right here an' now, we form a cookin' school, that'll make *Hash* av the present day politics."

—JESSIE ALEXANDER.



## Playing with Shakespeare

WHEN first I made the acquaintance of "The Immortal Bard", he was travelling incognito through my childish world of play. Clad in hooded waterproof capes, three sisters, very young, and not at all weird, busily stirred an imaginary mixture in a black iron pot, round which they circled, chanting in a monotone:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble, etc."

never dreaming that the uncanny rhyme was any more classic than "Eeny, meeny, miny, moe." Later, when Macbeth appeared on the school curriculum, a thrill of recognition lent interest to the speech of the witches and the tragedy was no longer a task, but a real play associated with childish pastimes.

As an antidote to day-dreaming, my wise mother frequently prescribed practical household tasks; but this was liable to be the manner of the dish-washing: (Flourishing a knife) "Is this a dagger that I see before me, the handle towards my hand? Come let me clutch thee!"

(Wringing the dishcloth) "What, will these hands ne'er be clean? Oh-h-h, all the perfumes of Arabia." (Enter Mother).

## PLAYING WITH SHAKESPEARE

"Gracious, child! What have you done to the wall?"

Splashed and bespattered above the sink, the wall bore traces of the tragic gestures. "That," (pointing dramatically) "that is Lady Macbeth's emotion."

"Tut, tut! Keep Lady Macbeth out of the kitchen. She has no business here." But under the stern expression, I glimpsed a twitch of the lips.

As a girl of twelve, when away on a holiday, I remember writing home of "a purling stream in the woods," near which "under the shade of an antique oak," was an ideal spot to dream and pore over the pages of 'Shake'.

On one occasion, two sentimental chums of fifteen wandered away from the rest of the picnic party and on a height overlooking Lake Ontario, one of them dramatically declaimed, pointing first to lake, then to land:

"Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot on sea and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never."

When suddenly out of the ground, rose a young man bespectacled and book in hand and said, with evident amusement:

"And how do you know that, at your age, young lady?"

The question was never answered, for the startled,

## PLAYING WITH SHAKESPEARE

giggling maidens fled precipitately towards their elders, back to the security of commonplace existence.

In the family circle, we joked in Shakespearean quotations. Was one pessimistic, the rest chorused, "Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs." When a host of Exhibition visitors arrived unexpectedly, we whispered classically but inhospitably, "They come not single spies but in battalions."

Childish associations leave ineradicable impressions. In our pantry, stood a large Keen's mustard tin, bearing crude representations of Katharine and Petruccio with the quotation, "What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?" "A dish that I do love to feed upon." The scene fascinated me and delayed many an errand from the pantry, and to this day, no one can convince me that any mustard in the world can equal Keen's of classic flavor.

"I was brought up on Shakespeare," I remarked once to a University Professor who retorted wittily, "Were you? I was brought up on bacon."

Imagine, in later years, the unbounded delight in Shakespearean productions; Booth's Hamlet, Modjeska's Portia, Rehan's Katharine, Marlowe's Juliet, Irving's Shylock, Terry's Queen Catherine, with hosts of other mental pictures became immortalized in memory's gallery.

Never shall I forget the first performance I saw of "Much Ado." The invitation quaintly lettered and

## PLAYING WITH SHAKESPEARE

worded, invited "Ye spinsters Liliast and Jessica to view ye ancient play of William Shakespeare" and demanded "a favourable reply" which read:

"Most kinde we deem it good Sir Knight,  
For thee our spinster selves to invite,  
To see the play.

The elder spinster having contracted  
To see the self-same story acted  
On Wednesday,

Will not be able to enjoy  
The added charm of your convoy.

"If Monday eve will meet thee well,  
I, after stroke of seven's bell,  
Will be attired

In best day garb, to go with you,  
To see the act of 'Much Ado,'  
With wit inspired.

Meanwhile, I'll scan the poet's text,  
And know beforehand, what comes next.

"What charms in that one treat unite!  
The clever wit of Beatrice bright  
By Shakespeare planned.

The wit of ——added to it  
(With arms to parry that, to boot,  
I must be manned).

More R(h)ealistic joys than those,  
Tell me, Sir Knight, can you disclose?"

## PLAYING WITH SHAKESPEARE

The Beatrice was the French actress, M'lle Rhea, whose vivacity and piquancy of accent gave great zest to the performance. The Dogberry on that occasion was particularly clever, and his fat, guttural burst of indignation, "Write me down an ass! Oh, that he had been here to write me down an ass!" — awoke more than the usual merriment.

Shortly after, on April Fool's day, a mysterious package reached me. I unwrapped and unwrapped the many papers, to find inside a scrap of paper bearing the inscription, "Write me down an ass!" which use of the first person, left a loop-hole for the retort:

'To gild refin-ed gold, to paint the flower,'  
(In Shakespeare's words I too my thoughts express)

'To throw a perfume o'er the violet  
Were wasteful and ridiculous excess.'  
And so to write you down, what you desire,  
Would be a task superfluous indeed,  
Since Nature, both in face and voice,  
Hath writ the word so plain,  
That he who runs may read."

And so we played and jested with, and loved the folk that peopled Shakespeare's world.

Can you wonder, that once embarked on my professional career, at least one scene from Shakespeare



## PLAYING WITH SHAKESPEARE

was included in every recital programme? Rehearsals often took place in whispered tones, after midnight; and when my long mirror reflected the tragic gestures and facial expression of Juliet taking her sleeping potion, her tomb became so real and so cold to my excited imagination, that I went to bed chattering.

On my first visit to London, I studied with Mr. Samuel Brandram, the noted Shakespearean reader, who, on hearing the first test recital—the trial scene from Henry VIII.—asked: “Where did you learn to recite blank verse so rhythmically?” “From Charles Roberts, of New York,” I answered, not dreaming that later I should say: “My husband taught me.” “Have you seen Ellen Terry as Queen Katharine?” “Not yet, but we have seats for next Thursday.” He said no more, but on the day following the performance he asked, “You saw the play? Well?” “I shall never recite that scene again,” I vowed hopelessly. “But why?” “Oh mine was a kindergarten reading of the part—a mere saying of words—but Ellen Terry! Oh! such pathos, such queenly dignity, such womanly suffering, such righteous indignation and scorn! Well, *I* might as well be dumb.” “Ah!” exclaimed the instructor, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, “Now, we are ready to begin.” Mr Brandram advised me strongly at that time to leave the platform and take to the stage, which allowed a wider



## PLAYING WITH SHAKESPEARE

scope for dramatic talent. At times, I have regretted my decision to remain a reciter, but in the long run, have perhaps had greater satisfaction in more individual, independent work, in closer touch with audiences and in intimate association with the people of my own country, in their own homes.

In reciting Queen Katharine's defence, to hundreds of audiences, from village to city, I found that attention and interest were at once quickened by some such preliminary explanation as: "This is one of the most important and far-reaching scenes of history, in that, on the events that transpired in that court room, was based the establishment of the Protestant religion in England; for Henry VIII, resenting the Pope's refusal to grant his divorce from Katharine, threw off the yoke of Rome and proclaimed the Protestant faith. Staunch old pillars o' the kirk, who distrusted plays and denounced theatres, immediately pricked up their ears, to learn how so small a cause as a fat King's fickleness led to such mighty results."

Similarly, by calling attention to the difference in woman's status during earlier ages and the present century, as illustrated by Capulet's tyranny in disposing of Juliet's hand in marriage, one could at once stimulate the attention of an audience to the text, and ensure their sympathy with the heroine.

So, I maintain, to awaken a love for verse or drama, or history, to make characters vivid and alive to young

## PLAYING WITH SHAKESPEARE

minds, to link up ancient causes with present day results, is the only sane and worth-while way of teaching history or literature.

—JESSIE ALEXANDER.

# King Henry VIII

Act. II., Scene IV.

*Wolsey.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd;  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so. Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the  
court.

*Crier.* Henry, King of England, etc.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine, Queen of England, come into  
the court.

*Crier.* Katharine, Queen of England, etc.

*(The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes  
about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his  
feet; then speaks.)*

*Q. Katharine.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,  
And to bestow your pity upon me; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas,  
sir,

## KING HENRY VIII

In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me? Heaven  
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable,  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or  
sorry

As I saw it inclined: when was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too? Or which of  
your friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged? Sir, call  
to mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been  
blest

With many children by you: if in the course  
And process of this time you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour  
aught,

## KING HENRY VIII

My bond to wedlock or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person, in God's name,  
Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you  
sir,

The King, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,

My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by  
many

A year before: it is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to  
them

Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: where-  
fore I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose  
counsel

I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Wol.*

You have here, lady,  
And of your choice, these reverend fathers;  
men

Of singular integrity and learning,

## KING HENRY VIII

Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause; it shall be therefore  
bootless

That longer you delay the court, as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Campeius*

His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly: therefore,  
madam,

It's fit this royal session do proceed,  
And that without delay, their arguments  
Be now produced and heart.

*Q. Kath.*

Lord cardinal,

To you I speak.

*Wol.*

Your pleasure, madam?

*Q. Kath.*

Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so,  
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.*

Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my chal-  
lenge

You shall not be my judge: for it is you



## KING HENRY VIII

Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and  
me;

Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say  
again,

I utterly abhor, yes, from my soul  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once  
more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.*

I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity and display'd the ef-  
fects

Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you  
do me wrong:

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
For you or any. You charge me  
That I have blown this coal, I do deny it;  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. Therefore in  
him

It lies to cure me; and the cure is to  
Remove these thoughts from you: the which  
before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech

## KING HENRY VIII

You, gracious madam, to unthink your  
speaking,

And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.*

My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You're meek and  
humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full  
seeming,

With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and  
pride,

You have, by fortune and his highness'  
favours,

Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are  
mounted

Where powers are your retainers, and your  
words,

Domestics to you, serve your will as't please  
Yourself pronounce their office, I must tell  
you,

You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual; that again  
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judged by him.

*(She curtsies to the King, and is about to depart.)*

## KING HENRY VIII

*Cam.*

The Queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by't; 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine Queen of England, come into the  
court.

*Gent. Ush.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you, keep your  
way:

When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord  
help!

They vex me past my patience. Pray you,  
pass on:

I will not tarry, no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

# Romeo and Juliet

Act III, Sc. v.

*This scene occurs shortly after the clandestine marriage between Romeo and Juliet. Romeo has been challenged to a duel by Juliet's cousin, Tybalt, who is slain in the encounter. Romeo is banished, but before leaving the country obtains one stolen interview with Juliet in the early morning. While her eyes are still wet with tears of parting, her mother comes to her room to announce the arrangement of a marriage for Juliet with The County Paris.*

*La Capulet.* Ho, daughter, are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? It is my lady mother?

Is she not down so late or up so early?

What unaccustomed cause procures her  
hither?

*La. Cap.* Why, how now Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?  
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in such a needy time:  
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;  
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,  
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,  
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,  
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,  
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter  
too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride,  
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed  
Ere he that should be husband comes to  
woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,  
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I  
swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,  
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him so your-  
self,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

*(Enter Capulet and Nurse.)*

*Cap.* How now! How now wife!

Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you  
thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

*Cap.* Soft! take me with you, take me with you,  
wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us  
thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her  
blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

## ROMEO AND JULIET

So worthy a gentleman to be her bride-  
groom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have, but thankful that you  
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;  
But thankful even for hate that is meant  
love.

*Cap.* How, how! how, how! chop-logic! What is  
this?

'Proud,' and 'I thank you,' and 'I thank you  
not;'

And yet 'not proud:' mistress minion, you,  
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no  
prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday  
next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you baggage!

*Jul.* Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what: get thee to church o' Thurs-  
day,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.



## ROMEO AND JULIET

*La. Cap.* You are too hot.

*Cap.* God's bread! it makes me mad:

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd; and having now pro-  
vided

A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly  
train'd

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish  
a man;

And then to have a wretched puling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer: "I'll not wed, I cannot love  
I am too young: I pray you, pardon me."  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house  
with me:

Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise;  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the  
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good;  
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be foresworn.

(*Exit.*)

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word:  
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?  
(*Exit.*)

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;  
Comfort me, counsel me, hast thou not a  
word of joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* Faith, here it is.  
Romeo is banish'd, and all the world to  
nothing,

That he dares ne'er come back to challenge  
you,

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,  
I think it best you married with the county,  
O, he's a lovely gentleman.

Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle  
madam,

Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye  
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,  
I think you are happy in this second match,  
For it excels your first: or if it did not,

## ROMEO AND JULIET

Your first is dead, or 'twere as good he were  
As living here and you no use of him.

*Jul.* Speakest thou from thy heart?

*Nurse.* And from my soul too;

Else beshrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurse.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous  
much.

Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,  
Having displeased my father, to Laurence'  
cell.

To make confession and to be absolved.

*Nurse.* Marry, I will, and this is wisely done.

*Jul.* Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!  
(*Exit.*)

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,  
Or to dispraise my lord with that same  
tongue

Which she hath praised him with above  
compare

So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;  
Thou and thy bosom henceforth shall be  
twain.

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself hath power to die.

(*Exit.*)

## Old Time Elocution

I HAVE already mentioned the man who thought that "criminals should be mercifully put to death by elocution." But that is only one of the many "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes." Writers, from Mrs. Humphry Ward to Sinclair Lewis, have gone out of their way to hurl a gibe, *en passant*, at the Art and its exponents, without taking the trouble to discriminate between sincere, artistic expression and cheap, artificial imitation. When I recall one definition given by a so-called teacher of The Art — "Elocution is the elimination of all personal idiosyncrasies so that the Universal may shine through," and when I remember the stilted and artificial performances that still persist under the name of "Expression" or "Interpretative Reading," and prolong their existence under the sheltering wing of Booking Agencies, I am tempted to turn traitor and join the band of scoffers.

But in recent years, Vocal Expression, like all other Arts, has cast off many of the restrictions and affectations of an earlier period.

I can well remember when popular selections always dealt with abnormal experiences and unusual incidents; when the characteristics of recitation, as of

## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

plays of that day and present films, consisted of melodramatic incidents that never could, would, or should have happened, or miraculous escapes that might have occurred once in a blue moon.

At every evening party, "The Raven" croaked its "Nevermore," "Horatius Held The Bridge" and "The Curfew Rang"—or was prevented from ringing.

Never shall I forget the delicious, icy thrill that goose-fleshed my being, when first I saw Mrs. Scott Siddons swing the tongue of that bell! I say "saw" advisedly, for it was a physical, as well as a vocal feat. The narrative part of the poem was declaimed in a loud, measured Orotund, with variations of tone for each of the characters.

The quavers, semi-quavers and demi-semi quavers of the old sexton's voice were so alluring to my childish mind, that I could scarcely refrain from imitating then and there, the shaky, toothless tones:

"Long, long years, I've rung the curfew,  
From that gloomy, shadowed tower,  
Every evening just at sunset  
It has tolled the twilight hour.  
I have done my duty ever,  
Tried to do it just and right,  
Now I'm old, I will not miss it,  
Girl! the curfew rings to-night."

But the thrilling climax arrived when the girl firmly grasped the tongue of the bell — Oh, how often,

## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

in later years, audiences have wished that the reciter would hold her own tongue, instead:—

“Out she swung, far out, the city  
Seemed a tiny speck below.  
There ’twixt heaven and earth suspended,  
While the bell swung to and fro.”

Oh, how she swung! ’Twas a vigorous, gymnastic exercise for arms, body and head. All very well for Mrs. Siddons, with a mere strap across her shoulders! But my strenuous imitations of the contortions, resulted in nothing but the bursting of sleeves of all my frocks.

Years later, long-suffering audiences continued to endure the tale of Bessie’s heroism, as told by the stammering schoolboy who, when on the home stretch, eager to end the ordeal, as likely as not, interchanged his vowels and finished confusedly;

“Go! Your *liver loves!*” cried Cromwell,  
“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

The then prevailing taste for morbid and gory subjects was admirably burlesqued by Helen Gray Cone, in a skit called: “The Ballad of Cassandra Brown.”

Though I met her in the summer,  
When one’s heart lies round at ease,  
As it were, in tennis costume,  
And a man’s not hard to please.



## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

Yet, I think, at any season,  
To have met her was to love,  
While her tones unspoiled, unstudied,  
Had the softness of the dove.  
By request, she read us poems  
In a nook among the pines,  
And her artless voice lent music  
To the least melodious lines.  
Though she lowered her shadowing lashes  
In an earnest reader's wise,  
Yet we caught blue, gracious glimpses  
Of the heavens that were her eyes.  
As in Paradise, I listened,  
Ah! I did not understand  
That a little cloud no larger  
Than the average human hand,  
Might, as stated oft in fiction,  
Spread into a sable pall,  
When she said that she "would study  
Elocution, in the Fall."  
I admit her earliest efforts  
Were not in the Ercles vein,  
She began with "Mabel, little Mabel,  
With her face against the pane."  
And the "Beacon light a tremble."  
Which although it made me wince,  
Is a piece of cheerful nature,  
To the things she's rendered since.

## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

Having learned the soulful quiver,  
She acquired the melting mo-oan,  
And the way she gave "Young Greyhead,"  
Would have liquified a stone.  
Then the sanguinary t-r-ragic  
Did her energy employ.  
But she tore my taste to tatters,  
When she slew the "Polish Boy."  
It's not pleasant for a fellow,  
When the jewel of his soul  
Wades through slaughter—on a carpet,  
While her orbs in frenzy roll.  
What was I that I should murmur?  
Yet it gave me grievous pain  
When she rose, in social gatherings,  
And "Searched Among the Slain."  
I was forced to look upon her  
In my desperation dumb,  
Knowing well, that when her awful  
Opportunity had come,  
She would give us battle, murder,  
Sudden death, at very least,  
As a skeleton of warning,  
As a blight upon the feast.  
Once, ah! Once I fell a-dreaming,  
Someone played a polonaise  
I associated strongly  
With the happier August days.

## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

And I mused, "I'll speak this evening,"  
Recent pangs forgotten quite  
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish!  
"Curfew shall not ring to-night."  
Oh! as she cu-limbed that ladder  
Swift my mounting hopes came down,  
I am still a single cynic,  
She is still — Cassandra Brown.

A clangor of bells followed "The Curfew." Poe's "Bells" were tinkled, chimed, and tolled, "The Creeds of the Bells," "How Jane Conquest Rang the Bell," "The Brides of Enderby," and a host of selections with echo effects, tempted Amateur as well as Professional, to show off vocal gymnastics and musical intonations—a reflex of the florid music of the day mostly sound and little sense.

The dignified "King Robert of Sicily," "Aux Italiens," "Hiawatha," "The Revenge," and "Lasca," held the boards, while commoner verses, "Asleep at the Switch," "Ostler Joe," and "How He Saved St. Michael's," tickled the ears of the groundlings.

Apropos of "St. Michael's"—The last day of the Exhibition brought to my door, a glowing specimen of rustic beauty.

"Are you Miss Jessie Alexander?" she enquired.  
I confessed that I was.

"My! What a little bit of a mite you are!"

## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

"Did you come here to tell me that?" I bristled, growing inches taller.

"My gracious! No! I came to see if you would teach me a 'piece'."

"I'm sorry, but I don't teach."

"Say, the boys'll be turrible disappointed! They paid my fare to the City and gave me money to git trained by you."

"That's too bad!" I answered, "Who are the boys?"

"They're our Volunteer Fire Brigade an' they're goin' to hev' a big parade an' concert on Thanksgivin'. I'm the belle of our village an' I'm goin' to recite. Jenny Mason's the belle of the next town an' she's goin' to sing. She's been takin' ten lessons in Toronto and say! Joe Williams drove me past her house an' I heard her practisin'! Say! It was like our old nag neighn'! "Ah-a-a-a." If she shoots off any of those fire-works, the boys'll hoot at her, but if she sings "Annie Laurie," or "Love's Old Song," she'll bring down the house. The boys want me to "knock spots" out of her, and Joe Williams—he's been all over, out mining an' to the Rocky Mountains and everywhere—an' he says this piece of mine is just the thing for a fireman's concert: "How He Saved St. Michael's."

"Yes! I know it."

"He said that if I got a polishin' up from you, I'd be a 'rip-snorter' in this piece. He's turrible funny! Say! I wouldn't be hard to learn! I know this piece

## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

off by heart now. I've jist got to learn how to say the words an' where to fling out my arms in the right place."

I was amused and interested, so I ran over the "piece" with her. When I reached the point where the noble St. Michael's was burning, I gazed aloft at the blazing spire.

"Say!" She glowed, "Ain't that splendid! You can roll your eyes up so often in this piece, an' the boys think I look stunnin' when I roll my eyes!"

I pointed upwards at the steeple.

"Say! Ain't that fine! I'm goin' to wear a dress without sleeves, an' when I shoot up my arm, the boys'll be jist tickled to death."

I shut the book with a bang.

"If you're going to be a 'rip-snorter' in this piece, you've got to forget your eyes and arms!"

"My goodness! How can I do that?"

"Have you a church with a tower in your town?"

"Yes, St. James."

"Right in the middle of the town, with houses all round it?"

"Yes."

"If the church caught fire, the whole village might burn?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Supposing, that in the middle of the entertainment, the church should catch fire —"

## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

"My goodness!"

"The people rush out, to find that the spire is ablaze!  
The reeve shouts, '\$200.00 to the man who will  
climb the steeple and tear down that blazing peak!  
but there isn't a man brave enough to try it!"

"Yes, there is!"

"Yes, there *is* one who mounts to the steeple."

"My goodness!"

"Who is it leans from the belfry with face upturn-  
ed to the sky,

Clings to a column and measures the dizzy height  
with his eye?"

"It's Joe Williams! He's the only man would do it!"

"Will he dare it, that hero undaunted,

that terrible sickening height,

Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze

in his veins at the sight?"

She was growing more and more excited.

"Now, roll up your eyes if you want to," I said,  
"for now you see the steeple, now you smell the  
smoke, you see the man climbing—you have forgot-  
ten your hands and eyes."

"For the land's sake! finish an' fetch Joe down,  
he's on that steeple yet!"

I fetched Joe down and she sank into a chair—

"My goodness! Joe Williams has asked me three  
times to marry him, but I never knew I was ready  
for it, till I turned sick to my stomach when you put  
him up on the church tower."



## OLD TIME ELOCUTION

She afterwards recited the "piece" in her crude way, and actually breathed into it the breath of life. She was delighted.

"Say, if I do it like that, the boys'll bring out the hook and ladder!"

As she went out, she was still practising. "And the slave who had saved St. Michael's, went out of its door — a man!" She almost bumped into a man waiting on the pavement. From the way she greeted him, I concluded it was — Joe Williams:

—JESSIE ALEXANDER.

## The Royal Bowman

IT was in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. The rumor was abroad in Rome, that on a certain night, a most startling scene would be enacted in the Circus. That it would be blood-curdling in the last degree, was taken by everyone for granted. Emissaries of Commodus had industriously sown about the streets, hints too vague to take definite form, calculated to arouse great interest. The result was that on the night in question, the vast building was crowded at an early hour.

The seats were filled with people eager to witness some harrowing scene of death. Commodus, himself, surrounded by a great number of his favorites, sat on a high, richly-cushioned throne, prepared for him about mid-way one side of the vast enclosure. All was still, as though the multitude was breathless with expectancy.

Presently, out from one of the openings, a young man and a young woman—a mere girl—their hands bound behind them, were led forth upon the sand of the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

The youth was tall and nobly beautiful, a very Hercules in form, an Apollo in grace and charm of movement.

## THE ROYAL BOWMAN

The girl was petite and lovely beyond compare. Her hair was pure gold, falling to her knees and floating about her as she walked.

They seemed to move, half unconscious of their surroundings, all bewildered and dazed by the situation.

At length, the great circuit was completed and the two were left standing about one hundred and twenty feet distant from the Emperor, who rose and in a loud voice said:

"Behold the condemned Claudius, and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. They are condemned to death for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die, is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the Emperor and the incomparable Archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it, dies and his wife dies with him! It is decreed!"

This strange speech was repeated, sentence after sentence, by criers placed at intervals round the walls, so that every person in that vast crowd heard every word.

Immediately, a large cage containing two fiery-eyed and famished tigers, was brought into the circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of fresh blood smeared

## THE ROYAL BOWMAN

on the cage for that purpose. They growled and howled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

The poor girl leaned her head against the naked breast of her lover and uttered a thin, short wail. His eyes did not change their firm stare, but the mighty muscles of his arms rolled up and quivered, as he strained at the thongs in an effort to burst them, and his lips writhed. He was beginning to realize that death was near him and ah! near her! If only his hands were free and his good sword within reach, how joyfully he would battle for her against all the tigers in the jungle! But this certain death, how could he bear it? These beasts to munch her tender body and delicate limbs! her true heart to quiver in their fangs!

Four long bounds of those agile monsters would bring them to their visitors.

Slowly, the iron bolts were withdrawn and the doors swung round. Nothing but thin air lay between the hungry, red mouths and the nude, defenceless bodies!

A murmur ran all round the vast eclipse, a murmur of remonstrance and disgust, for now everyone knew that the spectacle was to be a foul murder, without even the show of a struggle.

The limbs of the poor girl had begun to give way under her and she was slowly sinking to the ground. This seemed greatly to affect the man, who without

## THE ROYAL BOWMAN

lowering his eyes, tried to support her with his body. Despite his efforts, she slid down into a helpless heap at his feet. The lines on his manly face deepened, but he did not tremble. He stood like a statue of Hercules.

There came a sound from the cage which no words can describe—the hungry howl, the clashing teeth, the hissing breath of the tigers, along with the sharp clang of the iron bars spurned by their rushing feet! The Circus fairly shook with the plunge of Death towards its victims.

Suddenly, the maiden, by a supreme effort, struggled to her feet and sheltered the youth's body with her own. Such love! It should have sweetened death for that young man.

And now, Oh! now, look at the bounding, flaming-eyed tigers! See how one leads the other in that awful race to the feast! The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and fangs first. How wide those red, frothy mouths gaps! How the red tongues loll! The sand flies up in a cloud from the feet of the leaping brutes.

There came from the place where Commodus stood, a clear, musical note, closely followed by a keen, far-reaching hiss, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared! The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of pain and fell heavily down dying. Again, the



## THE ROYAL BOWMAN

sweet insinuating twang, the hiss and the stroke! The second beast fell dead upon the first. This explained all. The Emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the world.

A soldier, as directed, now approached the man and woman and seizing an arm of each, led them some paces farther away from the Emperor, who was preparing to shoot again. Before drawing his bow, he cried aloud:

"Behold, Commodus will pierce the centre of the ear of each!"

The lovers stood gazing into each other's eyes still as statues, as if frozen by the cold fascination of death. In the next few seconds, they must have lived a long life of horror.

The excitement of the spectators reached its last degree, when the great horn bow was again raised.

Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power, fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a moment, it was held without the faintest quiver of a muscle. His eyes were fixed and cold as steel. The polished broadhead of the arrow shone like a diamond. It seemed as though the breathing of a breath might have been heard across the circus!

Out rang the low note of the great weapon's recoil. The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

The girl thrilled with ineffable pain, flung up her



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white arms, the rent thongs flying apart in the paroxysm of her final struggle. Something like a divine smile flashed across her face along with a startling pallor.

Again the bow-string rang and the arrow sped to its thrilling work! What a surge the youth made! The cord leaped from his wrists—he caught the falling girl in his embrace.

Locked for one brief moment in each others' arms, the quivering victims wavered on their feet, then sank to the ground.

Commodus stood like Fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with the eager, heartless fire of triumph.

Pale and wild-eyed, their faces pinched and shrivelled, the youth and maid, with painful totterings, struggled to their feet and stood staring at each other, in a way to chill the blood of all observers. Then, as if attracted by some irresistible fascination, they turned their mute, dazed faces towards Commodus. What a look! Why did it not freeze him dead where he stood?

"Lead them out and set them free!" cried the Emperor in a loud, heartless voice. "Lead them out and tell it everywhere, that Commodus is the Incomparable Bowman!"

Then, when it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two with his arrows,

## THE ROYAL BOWMAN

the cords that bound their wrists, a great stir began. Out from a myriad of overjoyed and admiring hearts leaped a storm of thanks and with a clapping of hands like the rending roar of tempest, that vast audience arose as one person, and applauded the Emperor.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

## The Charcoal-Man

**T**HOUGH rudely blows the wintry blast,  
And sifting snows fall white and fast,  
Mark Haley drives along the street,  
Perched high upon his wagon seat;  
His sombre face the storm defies,  
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—

“Charco’! charco’!”

While echo faint and far replies,—

“Hark, O! hark, O!”

“Charco’!”—“Hark, O!”—Such cheery sounds  
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;  
His coat is darker far than that;  
’Tis odd to see his sooty form  
All speckled with the feathery storm;  
Yet in his honest bosom lies  
Nor spot nor speck,—though still he cries,—

“Charco’! charco’!”

And many a roguish lad replies,—

“Ark, ho! ark, ho!”

“Charco’!”—“Ark, ho!”—Such various sounds  
Announce Mark Haley’s morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day  
He labors much for little pay;  
Yet feels no less of happiness

## THE CHARCOAL-MAN

Than many a richer man, I guess,  
When through the shades of eve he spies  
The light of his own home, and cries,—  
    “Charco’! charco’!”  
And Martha from the door replies,—  
    “Mark, ho! Mark, ho!”  
“Charco’!”—“Mark, ho!”—Such joy abounds  
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;  
And while his hand, washed clean and white,  
Holds Martha’s tender hand once more,  
His glowing face bends fondly o’er  
The crib wherein his darling lies,  
And in a coaxing tone he cries,—  
    “Charco’! charco’!”  
And baby with a laugh replies,—  
    “Ah, go! ah, go!”  
“Charco’!”—“Ah, go!”—while at the sounds . . .  
The mother’s heart with gladness bounds.

Then honored be the Charcoal man!  
Though dusky as an African,  
’Tis not for you, who chance to be  
A little better clad than he,  
His honest manhood to despise,  
Although from morn till eve, he cries  
    “Charco’! Charco’!”

## THE CHARCOAL-MAN

And mocking echo still replies:

“ 'Arco' ! 'Arco' ! ”

“Charco' ! 'Arco' ! ” Long may the sounds

Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## The High Tide on The Coast of Lincolnshire (1571)

**T**HE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three;  
“Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
Good ringers, pull your best,” quoth he.  
“Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!  
Play all your changes, all your swells,  
Play uppe ‘The Brides of Enderby’!”

Men say it was a stolen tyde—  
The Lord that sent it, He knows all—  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall:  
And there was nought of strange beside  
The flights of mews and peewits pied  
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;  
The level sun like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies,  
And dark against day’s golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne’s faire wife, Elizabeth.



## THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dewes were falling  
Farre away I heard her song.  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth  
From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking song—

"Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,  
"Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,  
When I begin to think howe long,  
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayeth she),  
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seene,  
Save where full fyve good miles away  
The steeple towered from out the greene;  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the countryside  
That Saturday at eventide.

## THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

The swanherds where their sedges are  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,  
The shepherde lads I hearde afarre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till floating o'er the grassy sea  
Came downe that kindly message free,  
"The Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steeple shows.  
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys warping down;  
For shoppes ashore beyond the scorpe,  
They have not spared to wake the towne;  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding down with might and main:  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again,  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

## THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,

The rising tide comes on apace,  
And boats adrift in yonder towne

Go sailing up the market-place."

He shook as one that looks on death:

"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;

"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,

With her two bairns I marked her long:

And ere yon bells beganne to play

Afar I heard her milking song."

He looked across the grassy lea,

To right, to left, "Ho Enderby!"

They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;

For lo! along the river's bed

A mighty eygre reared his crest,

And uppe the Lindis raging sped,

It swept with thund'rous noises loud;

Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,

Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed

Shook all her trembling banks amaine;

Then madly at the eygre's breast

Flung uppe her weltering walls again.

## THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—  
Then beaten foam flew round about—  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping by ;  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and high—  
A lurid mark and dread to see ;  
And awesome bells they were to me,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed ;  
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,  
"O come in life, or come in death !  
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more ?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,

## THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

Ere yet the early dawn was clear.  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!

To manye more than myne and mee:  
But each will mourne his own (she saith),  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

—JEAN INGELow.

## Committees—Programmes— Audiences

THE success of an entertainment depends as much on the efforts of its promoters, as on the artists engaged.

The Committee acts as a sort of Middleman between artist and audience and as a rule, quite frankly states its wish to engage "the talent" at a figure which will allow a margin of profit for the Society or Club concerned.

Occasionally, a local organization puts on a concert or lecture, from purely benevolent or educational motives: to awaken the minds of the community, to widen its interests, to stimulate its musical or literary taste, to provide pleasant diversion, or to demonstrate to the young people that a programme may be refined and at the same time, brimful of fun and interest, without descending to melodrama, horse-play or jazz.

An inexperienced committee sometimes considers its work done with the engaging of the artists. What would happen to the world of commerce, if effort ended with the ordering or buying of goods?

An entertainment is a business proposition, and as such, should be handled with the same skill and care in advertising, as any other business enterprise. Be



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sure the goods are of the best, "all wool and a yard wide," and let the people know it.

As a rule, men are willing to devote more money to advertising purposes, and women—more effort. Mere man cannot compete with woman in selling tickets, distributing window-cards and talking-up the merits of an attraction. A woman's domestic economies have accustomed her to getting the best return for her money and once in awhile, she does this in unique ways.

Taking a walk one day in a Western prairie town, I met a small girl carrying a loaf of bread which bore on the wrapper, the stamped name "Alexander." Just then, a boy passed with a basket containing parcels similarly stamped. "A namesake here!" I thought. I walked into a store to make a purchase and as the clerk wrapped it, I spied on the package, "Jessie Alexander."

"What does that mean?" I asked, pointing to the name.

"Oh, that," said the clerk, carelessly. "That's a show that's here to-night and the ladies of the committee stamped the paper of all the merchants in town."

In an Ontario town, the enterprising Ladies' Aid members, went out on Saturday night, when hundreds of motors stood about the streets and pasted on each wind-shield, an announcement of the concert. "They won't get them off in a hurry, either! They

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will have to squint at your name for hundreds of miles!" one lady told me, chuckling as fiendishly as if she had invented some new terror for the motorist.

A Collegiate Institute had offered a prize for the best poster advertising the school concert. The successful bill bore an illustration of "Tub night," "Little brother getting ready to attend Collegiate commencement and concert." A mother was represented as vigorously washing the soapy head of a protesting boy. On the evening of the concert, I was quite sure I had discovered the original of the drawing—a full-moon boy face shining with interest—and soap.

A British Columbia bill-board bore the inscription, "ALEXANDER THE GREAT." "Have they dramatized the ancient conqueror?" I queried from afar, but as I neared the corner, the context became visible:

"Jessie  
ALEXANDER THE GREAT  
Reciter"

An "All-star concert" was announced and the local printer affixed to each name on the bill, the picture of a five pointed star—each of different size and magnitude—to represent the varying degrees of talent which the printer ascribed to the artists. As you might imagine, tremendous astronomical disturbance followed.

Sometimes, committees are influenced by the pre-

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judices of the narrow members of the community. A secretary once wrote me from one of the largest cities in Canada :

"We have taken the liberty of cutting off the top part of your poster with 'Dramatic' on it; so the bill now reads 'and Humorous Recitals'. I hope you don't mind. Some of our committee thought 'Dramatic' looked too theatrical for a church. You can be as dramatic as you like in your programme, they will love it, I know, but we thought it wise not to prejudice them before-hand."

"Now, what they want," commented a student of human nature, "is temperance intoxication."

One—only one—committee wrote, requesting me to send the words of all my "selections and encores to the Church session," so that they might censor the programme. "Trust me all in all, or not at all," quoth I—or words to that effect. And that brings me to the subject of Programmes.

Selections should be chosen with a view to their suitability to the reciter, the audience, the place and the occasion.

Needless to say, no child should be allowed to recite in public, sophisticated selections or compositions beyond his range of comprehension.

No grown-up should impersonate childhood or youth unless physique, voice, and an ingenuous nature combine to create the illusion.

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I remember once seeing a lady who must have tipped the scales at 200, cavorting round the stage declaiming in a deep contralto:

“There’s none so fair as *little* Alice in all the land  
they say,  
For I’m to be Queen of the May, Mother, I’m to  
be Queen o’ the May.”

Another star of great magnitude, moved her audience to laughter, rather than sympathy, when she announced lustily, “I am but the *shadow* of poor Mary Stuart now.”

A woman may express virile sentiment, or a man suggest feminine charm and delicacy provided that the mental conception be true and the voice appropriately modified to suggest the characterization.

There is an art in saying the right thing at the right time, and the choice of selection must depend on the size of the hall, the nature of the occasion and the taste of the audience.

A pupil once asked my advice as to what to recite at a concert for Mission children. “Mice at Play,” “Willie’s Portion,” “The Kindergarten Tot,” “Jerry,” were among the suggestions. Imagine my disgust, when I heard that she had chosen to exploit her powers in “Lasca” and “the little beggars didn’t listen a minute.” “Just as well!” thought I, recalling the lines:

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“And once when I made her jealous for fun  
At something I’d whispered or looked or done,  
One Sunday in San Antonio  
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,  
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,  
And, sting of a wasp! It made me stagger.”

Fine sentiment for youngster’s ears!

Imagine a Baritone choosing as a suitable song for a ship concert, the old thriller, “A Ship on Fire,” or a reciter selecting Drummond’s “Wreck of the Julie Plante!”

When called on unexpectedly to speak, how can you better explain your embarrassment than by quoting some such story as “How the War was Settled,” comparing your predicament with that of Mr. O’Brien?

Judgment, tact, good taste, plain gumption, must guide the amateur, as well as the professional.

Audiences, it seems to me, are more easily moved than they used to be. I can remember an occasional audience, that we folk behind the scenes likened to icebergs, mummies, loads of wood. I rarely face such an audience now.

I recall from distant years, an occasion, when, in a small town, I was called at the unholy hour of 4.30, and tried to eat, at 5 A. M., a hotel breakfast consisting of frozen head-cheese, cold bread and boiled green tea. Once in a dog’s age, an audience gives me the



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same sensation in the pit of the stomach, as that frozen headcheese. However, the dog's age has increased by many years and Canadian audiences vary much less than of yore.

Collegiate Institutes, Public Libraries, Women's Institutes, Community Clubs, Literary Societies, Rotary Clubs, Motors, Telephones and more than all—The War—have enlarged the sphere of many communities, awakened their sympathies and quickened their emotions.

Since 1914, the range of sympathy and understanding has been extended beyond local and national limits, to "earth's utmost purple rim."

Thousands of women whose interests were formerly confined within the narrow boundaries of home and church, suddenly found their activities enlarged beyond belief, and their sympathies reaching out towards lands and peoples hitherto unknown.

Awake, alive, conscious of large issues, sharing general anxieties and common sorrow, the minds of hearers were like harp-strings, waiting to respond to the lightest touch of patriotic or heroic sentiment. No need for the reciter to transport them to "Flanders' Fields." Their hearts were there already.

During the recital of Col. McCrae's poem, solemn stillness, without even the stir of a programme, marked the reading of the second verse "We are the dead" etc., and when one reached the words:



## COMMITTEES—PROGRAMMES

"To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch. Be yours to hold it high,"

it was inspiring to see the look of high resolution on every thoughtful face. At such times, one felt like a human dynamo receiving and giving back waves of electricity.

A long dramatic story, such as "For Belgium," which, I venture to say, would never before have held an ordinary audience, gripped them with telling force, in village, town or city. Their eyes had been opened. Belgium had been localized and they visualized the scenes so clearly, that in every audience, some people sat forward in their chairs, and started visibly, when towards the climax "Louise rushed to the machine," and the interest continued to the final triumphant cry, "Long live Belgium, Long live England."

The tension of such dramatic selections should be relieved by a humorous number following. In fact, the success of any programme depends largely on the alteration of light and shade, on appealing in turn to various emotions, on using skilfully that much needed and wholesome dispenser of gloom—Humor.

## In Flanders' Fields

**I**N Flanders' fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky,  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead; short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The Torch; be yours to hold it high!  
If ye break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders' fields.

—LIEUT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE.

## For Belgium

TOWARDS midnight the rain ceased and a thin fog settled over the little Belgium Village which had recently suffered a senseless bombardment. From the distance came fitfully the booming of distant guns, and the dull murmur of a swollen river.

In one of the houses still habitable, though damaged as to its front apartments, a handsome dark young woman stood by the kitchen dresser, and between the light of two candles read a letter which had evidently been folded originally into the smallest possible compass. Her lips followed the lines as though she were learning them by heart, which, indeed, she had done hours before.

"Long past the hour," she murmured. "He will not come now. He dare not. God grant they have not captured him." She began to pace the room.

The kitchen was spacious, though now sparsely furnished, for the Prussians during their three weeks occupation of the Town had helped themselves liberally. The door leading to the yard lay between two wide, squat windows draped with heavy curtains, which were now drawn back. Under one window stood a table with a red cloth; under the other, a sewing machine of the sort that may be worked with hand

## FOR BELGIUM

or foot. A coarse rug lay on the flag-stoned floor. Suddenly the girl paused all on the alert. As she stood listening intently, the door opened and a young man in dark blue uniform soaked and muddy, stepped in.

"Jules!"

He closed the door cautiously, threw down a bundle and with a rush took the girl in his arms.

"Louise! After all these long weeks—"

"Oh, Jules, you must not waste a moment. When you did not come by eleven—"

"How long am I safe here?"

"Oh, there is no safety here for you. At any moment—"

"Your letter made me understand that the two Germans never came back before midnight. The way was difficult in the darkness. They seem to have doubled their sentries."

"It is near midnight now, Jules, See! Suppose the Germans were to come in before their usual time!" He kissed her reassuringly.

"Five minutes will suffice if you have already done all that my letter asked you."

"Yes, Yes; it is done, but I was puzzled."

"No doubt. Well we must get to work, help me first please, by bolting the door and drawing the curtains." He picked up the bundle and folded back the rug.

## FOR BELGIUM

At the door, Louise paused. "Jules, it is against regulations to bolt doors and draw curtains. They have been very cruel to people for much less."

"Their cruelty will soon be over, do what I ask, chérie, one must risk much for Belgium."

She obeyed and then stood watching him. He took from the bundle some tools, also an oblong box with a grooved wheel at the end.

"What is that, Jules?"

"An electric battery." He examined the dusty floor, with one of the tools pried up a flagstone, and his face lightened, "Ah! all in order!" And he drew from the recess a coil of thin rubber-covered wire.

"What is that, Jules?"

"The wire we laid—Jacques and I—just before the Germans came."

"Oh, Jacques, my poor brother."

"He died for Belgium, but his good work remains." He let the stone back into its place (a tiny groove had been cut in its edge for the passage of the cable) and proceeded to screw the ends of the wires to the battery. "Where is old Marie?" he asked casually. "Upstairs asleep?"

"Old Marie lies upstairs, dead. This morning, before it was light, she went outside for water. She was shot—in mistake for a spy, they said."

"The crazy demons! Yet the boy who carried our



## FOR BELGIUM

letters came through them safe. Poor old Marie! Well, she too shall be avenged." He replaced the rug over the recently disturbed flag and rose.

"Now for that happy thought of mine, the sewing machine. Ah, Louise how I puzzled my brains before I struck that idea. Come help me once more."

Between them they carried the machine to the edge of the rug, adjusting its position to a nicety. The foot-gearing had been removed and the machine itself had been put in order for hand work. Where the foot plate had been, Jules placed the battery and made it fast and rigid with cord. Finally he fitted a piece of thin belting over the wheel of the machine and under that of the battery and surveyed his work with keen satisfaction. "Louise, before I started to-night my Captain embraced me, saying, 'Do this, Jules, and Belgium will remember your name.' But it shall be both our names together, my girl!"

"But what does it—?" Louise began, and laid her fingers on the handle.

Like a shot he was up and snatched her away from the machine.

"Dieu!" he gasped. "Not yet! Too soon would ruin everything! But you shall know all in a moment. Now to make our work look very innocent. See, that red cloth on the table will do."

She brought him the table cover and between them they hung it round the edge of the machine and fastened it lightly with a nail or two.



## FOR BELGIUM

"Ah, that looks innocent indeed." She threw a heap of sewing on the machine; but at that moment fear returned upon the woman. "Jules, you must go! The peril is too great." He slipped his arm about her waist. "Yes, the time grows short. But before I go I must explain. Out yonder is the great bridge that three weeks ago was our misfortune. Back here, is our new hope—three thousand brave men, on the alert, waiting for a signal!"

"Oh, Jules, but what can three thousand do?"

"Much—if the Germans on this side lose their communication with their friends on the other, they will be caught in a trap—men, guns, stores and all. But that's not all! We have discovered that in about an hour's time, the Germans intend to bring across that bridge five great new guns to harass our English Allies on the coast. Those guns must not reach this side—at least not as German guns. Now you can guess!"

She clasped her hands. "Jules," she whispered, "the bridge is mined!"

"It is so. The mines ought to have been sprung three weeks ago, yet they will cost the Germans more dear to-night. Come and see." He led her close to the machine and lightly touched its handle. "A dozen quick turns—that is all. Louise, I must go now and tell our friends that all is prepared. If—if I do not return in time—if anything happens to prevent

## FOR BELGIUM

my reaching this house—will you deal a blow for Belgium?”

“Oh, I will do it for you, Jules and for Belgium. But oh, my love, you will come back to me!”

“Then we shall win! Your signal will be a single stroke on the church bell. Be ready, act promptly, and the good God sustain you!”

“And go with you, and bring you back to me in safety.”

The clock began to strike.

“Midnight! Fly, dearest!”

“Farewell, Louise, farewell!” One hasty embrace and he was out into the night. Louise stood motionless, her hand to her heart. “Guard him, Oh guard him,” she prayed. Then seated herself in the chair by the machine.

Not far away a rifle cracked—again—and yet again. She sprang up as if to make for the door and relaxed.

Heavy footsteps approached the house. A voice unpleasantly familiar, said: “Another of those stupid spies got more than he wanted. Well, gute nacht, gute nacht.” Louise picked up a needle and made a feint of sewing.

In another moment the door opened and one of the Prussian Officers quartered in the house entered. Without a glance at the figure by the machine, he crossed to the stove; taking off his great coat,

## FOR BELGIUM

helmet and gloves, and throwing them over the back of the chair he muttered, "Curse the cold!" Unbuttoning his sword belt, he threw it over the back of the chair, sat down in one chair with his feet on another, and commanded in French, "Bring wine!"

Louise's head went up with a jerk.

"Bring wine, I say." The words were out before he turned his eyes to enforce them, and he seemed somewhat taken aback.

"Ach! I ask pardon, Fraulein. Where is your servant?"

"My servant is dead, I will bring you the wine."

"Ach Himmel! I had forgotten, I will fetch the wine myself, I know where it is kept."

He crossed the floor to the cupboard took out two bottles, poured out a glass and said pleasantly:

"You remain up late to-night, Fraulein. You have work to do, I see."

"Yes, I have work to do. Your room is quite ready."

"I thank you. But I am in no haste, you do not often honor this room with your presence, Fraulein."

"The rain comes into my room and fuel is scarce. To-morrow I will seek room in another house." She felt it necessary to hold his attention to herself.

"Not so, I beg of you: My comrade and I leave this place to-morrow. I will see to it that no others shall be quartered on you in the future. This is your home, and it shall be respected."

## FOR BELGIUM

He gazed at her admiringly, and raised his glass as though he would drink her health, but she was intent upon her sewing.

"Before I go to-morrow I will give you a receipt for all that we have consumed here. Germany is honest and will pay for everything."

Now she faced him. "Truly, M'sieu, Germany shall pay for much."

"For everything. When this war is over Germany will be rich enough—"

Still quietly, she interrupted him. "My father, too feeble to fight, beaten to death by drunken soldiers; my brother killed by a shell thrown on an undefended village; my mother and little brother beggars in Holland; my young sister—God knows where; my fiancé—I ask you, M'sieu, how shall Germany pay for these?"

"Ach! it is war, and in war there is necessarily much sorrow and sadness."

"There is nothing else. Is it true that you German soldiers are taught to leave us nothing but eyes to weep with?"

"The words are those of one of our greatest men."

"Nothing but eyes to weep with! That is all your Kaiser and war Lords are going to leave the German Nation."

"Victory will dry all eyes in Germany."

"You dream of Victory?"

## FOR BELGIUM

"Already Victory is assured. I give you a German's word for that."

"A German's word! What may that be worth nowadays?"

Stung, he exclaimed; "You go too far!"

"Surely a Belgian has a right to ask the question."

"Were you a man—"

"One of us two would now be silent forever. Nay. I no longer fear anything. I am surfeited with the frightfulness of you Germans. You no longer impress me. When all is said and done, you can only kill and burn, murder and steal—"

"I order you to be silent."

"Oh, you are brave enough, but your courage is bespattered by shame and dishonour."

"Not another word!"

"On land, on sea, in the air, your gallant deeds are leavened with ignoble ones. If chivalry must pass forever from the earth, Germany will have expelled it."

"You mad-woman, must I silence you with my hands?"

He gripped her brutally by the shoulder, and she winced.

"So? now I see you are afraid."

"Oh, you can hurt, you can destroy the flesh, but the spirit is beyond your power."

"Bah!" He flung himself away from her and went



## FOR BELGIUM

back to the stove. Against the edge, he cracked the neck of the second bottle, filled his glass and said: "You are a brave woman, Fraulein: but it is a mistake to be brave as well as beautiful. I drink to our better acquaintance! to our better acquaintance, Fraulein!"

He crossed the room, closed the door and drew the curtains.

"What do you think I am doing?"

"Breaking your own regulations?"

"What one makes one may break, I suppose. Listen, Fraulein. I am going to tell you something: my comrade will not be here till morning. He is on special duty at the bridge to guard the passage of our splendid new guns. And what are they for? To put an end to your friends, the cursed British on the coast. Oh, I know, you have had your hopes, you poor ignorant people. Put them away; they are vain, crazy. You have not a fighting man left within ten miles. Oh, I see you still pretend you are not afraid. Well! we shall see." He lurched towards her with hands outstretched.

She slipped under his arm and like a flash, she whipped the sword out of its scabbard.

With the sword's point at his throat, she drove him towards the door, beyond it, pulling the bolt of the door with her left hand, as she passed.

The sword wavered for a second, and he took his chance; snatching the red cloth from the table, he



## FOR BELGIUM

wrapped it round his hand and arm for protection, seized the sword, and wrested it from her tired grasp.

"Aha! now it is time, my pretty one; it is time to surrender, is it not?"

Boom! through the night came a single stroke from the church bell.

He stiffened with attention. "What was that bell?" he exclaimed and made for the door.

Louise darted forward, but she was too prompt. A moment later he would have been out into the night. As it was, her action warned him. He wheeled round suddenly and realized part, if not all.

"*Gott in Himmel*, a mine!" he shouted, and grasped her as her fingers flew to the handle.

She wriggled herself free and with all her frantic strength, beat her fists into his eyes. He staggered, blind and senseless from the blow, and in that moment, the wheel was turned, the deed for Belgium was done.

As Louise reeled back from the machine a glare crossed the windows and lighted the whole of the interior. Then followed a tremendous concussion; walls shook, plaster fell, crockery rattled, the door of the stove flew open, glass shattered and tinkled.

"What was it?" he shouted, "Tell me or I kill you!"

She broke into hysterical laughter. "The bridge—your splendid guns—you yourself lost! Vive la Belge! Vive l'Angleterre."

## FOR BELGIUM

Mad with rage he struck her across the mouth.

"Kill me, German beast! I care not!"

Savagely he seized her. "Oh, you shall die, but you shall be shot, nay hanged. You shall pay—"

Out of the night came a rattle of machine gun and rifle fire. A bugle sang wildly.

"Gott! It is an attack. Oh, you shall pay for this."

Running footsteps outside—the door burst open.

Jules, his head in a bloody rag, appeared in the doorway, revolver levelled.

"Hands up, German demon!"

Louise breaking away, flew to the shelter of her lover's left arm, shouting: "Long Live Belgium! Long Live England!"

—J. J. BELL.

## A Chant of Love

**A** SONG of Hate is a song of Hell,  
Some there be that sing it well.  
Let them sing it loud and long,  
We lift our hearts in a loftier song,  
We lift our hearts to heaven above,  
Singing the glory of her we love—  
England!

Glory of word and glory of deed,  
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede,  
Glory of ships that sought far goals,  
Glory to swords and glory to souls.  
Glory of songs mounting like birds,  
Glory immortal of magical words,  
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,  
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott,  
Glory of Shelley and glory of Sydney,  
Glory transcendent that perishes not,  
Hers is the story, hers be the glory—  
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may  
The Spirit, of England none can stay.  
Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's  
Deem ye the fame of The Admiral falls?

## A CHANT OF LOVE

Pry the stone from the Chancel floor  
Dream ye that Shakespeare will live no more?  
Where is the giant shot that kills  
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?  
Trample the red rose on the ground  
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round.  
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,  
Cast her ashes into the sea  
She shall escape, she shall aspire  
She shall arise to make men free,  
She shall arise with a sacred scorn  
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn,  
Spirit supernal, splendor eternal—  
England!

—HELEN GREY CONE.

# The Passing of the Kings

**T**HE day of Kings is past!  
'Mid toppling thrones, the dim procession  
stalks,

Grim, silent, vast.

A ghostly company! Here Caesar walks  
With bloody brow; and, deeper in the gloom,  
The baffled Corsican: While weary-eyed,  
A murdered Czar, his slain son at his side,  
Seeks refuge in the tomb.

Anon a living shape flits to and fro,  
Uncertain where to go.

And one in frenzy raving, vainly craves  
A friendly hand and wanders low and high  
Afraid to live, but more afraid to die.

An exiled Kaiser shorn of all his state.  
Bemoans with bitterness his banished state,  
The tragedy of wisdom learned too late.  
While mocking millions echo from their graves!  
"We are avenged at last:  
The day of Kings is past!"

The day of Kings is past? How may that be?  
There is a little island in the sea  
That is itself a world.

Behold how young and old make holiday,

## THE PASSING OF THE KINGS

With myriad flags unfurled,  
For soon the people's King will pass this way.  
Ah, see him now! His eye is sad, his head  
Is bowed with sorrow for his loyal dead.  
A King you say? Aye, every inch a King!  
But first a man, a British gentleman  
Who rested not upon his Kingly fame  
But Played the Game!  
Those blinded boys, whose cheers so wildly ring  
Have felt his kindly touch on beds of pain,  
When endless night began.  
Their dearest wish to grasp that hand again.  
Hark how the people sing, "God save the King!"  
The King has passed, but still the echoing cry,  
"God save the King: God save the King."

—VILDA S. OWENS.



## Give us Men!

**G**IVE us men!  
Men—from every rank,  
Fresh and free and frank;  
Men of thought and reading,  
Men of light and leading,  
Men of loyal breeding,  
The nation's welfare speeding;  
Men of faith and not of fiction,  
Men of lofty aim in action:

Give us men—I say again,  
Give us men!

Give us men!  
Strong and stalwart ones;  
Men whom highest hope inspires,  
Men whom purest honor fires,  
Men who trample self beneath them,  
Men who make their country wreath them  
As her noble sons,  
Worthy of their sires;  
Men who never shame their mothers,  
Men who never fail their brothers,  
True, however false are others:

Give us men—I say again,  
Give us men!

## GIVE US MEN!

Give us men!

Men who, when the tempest gathers,  
Grasp the standard of their fathers,  
In the thickest fight;

Men who strike for home and altar,  
(Let the coward cringe and falter,)  
God defend the right!

True as truth, though lorn and lonely,  
Tender as the brave are only;  
Men who trod where saints have trod,  
Men for Country—Home—and God:  
Give us men—I say again,  
Give us such Men!

## The Coward

'AVE you seen Bill's mug in the Noos to-day?  
'E's gyned the Victoriar Cross, they say;  
Little Bill wot would snivel and run away,  
If you 'it 'im a swipe on the jawr.  
'E's slaughtered the Kaiser's men in tons;  
'E's captured one of their quick-fire guns,  
And 'e 'adn't no practice in killin' 'Uns  
Afore 'e went off to the war.

Little Bill wot I nussed in 'is byby clothes;  
Little Bill wot told me 'is childish woes:  
'Ow often I've tidied 'is pore little nose  
Wiv the 'em of me pinnyfore.  
And now all the papers 'is praises ring,  
And 'e's been and 'e's shaken the 'and of the King;  
And I sawr 'im to-day in the ward, pore thing,  
Where they're patching 'im up once more.

And 'e says: "Wot d'ye think of it, Lizer Anne?"  
And I says: "Well, I can't make it out, old man;  
You'd 'ook it as soon as a scrap began,  
When you was a bit of a kid;"  
And 'e whispers; "Ere, on the quiet, Liz,  
They're makin' too much of the 'ole blame biz,  
And the papers is printin' me ugly phiz,  
But... I'm 'anged if I know wot I did.

## THE COWARD

"Then the Captain comes and 'e says: 'Look 'ere!  
They're far too quiet out there; it's queer.  
They're up to somethin',—'oo'll volunteer  
To crawl in the dark and see?"

Then I felt me 'eart like a 'ammer go,  
And up jumps a chap and 'e says: 'Right O!  
But I chips in straight, and I says, 'Oh, no!  
'E's a missis and kids,—take me!"

"And the next I knew I was sneakin' out,  
And the oozy corpses was all about,  
And I felt so scared I wanted to shout,  
And my skin fair prickled wiv fear;  
And I sez: 'You coward! You 'ad no right  
To take on the job of a man this night.'  
Yet still I kept creepin' till ('orrid sight!)  
The trench of the 'Uns was near.

"It was all so dark, it was all so still,  
Yet somethin' pushed me against me will;  
'Ow I wanted to turn! Yet I crawled until  
I was seein' a dim light shine.  
Then thinks I: "I'll just go a little bit,  
And see wot the doose I can make of it;  
And it seemed to come from the mouth of a pit:  
'Christmas!' sez I, 'a mine.'

"Then 'ere's the part wot I can't explain:  
I wanted to make for 'ome again,  
But somethin' was blazin' inside me brain,  
So I crawled to the trench instead;

## THE COWARD

Then I saw the bullet 'ead of a 'Un,  
And 'e stood by a rapid-firer gun,  
And I lifted a rock and I 'it 'im one,  
And 'e dropped like a chunk o' lead.

"Then all the 'Uns that was underground,  
Comes up with a rush and on with a bound,  
And I swings that giddy old Maxim round  
And belts 'em solid and square.  
You see I was off me chump wiv fear,  
'If I'm sellin' me life,' sez I, 'it's dear,'  
And the trench was narrow and they was near,  
So I peppered those brutes for fair.

"So I 'eld 'em back and I yelled with fright,  
And the boys attacked and we 'ad a fight,  
And we 'captured a section o' trench' that night  
Which we didn't expect to get;  
And they found me there with me Maxim gun,  
And I'd laid out a score if I'd laid out one,  
And I fainted away when the thing was done,  
And I 'aven't got over it yet."

So that's the 'istory Bill told me.  
Of course it's all on the strict Q. T.;  
It wouldn't do to get out, you see,  
As 'e hacted against 'is will.  
But 'e's convalescin' wiv all 'e's might,  
But 'e's 'opes to be fit for another fight;  
Say! Ain't 'e a bit of the real, all right?  
Wot's the matter with Bill!

—ROBERT W. SERVICE

## Mirandy on Mothers

“WELLUM, we suttently am gwine to have a gran’ time on Mother’s Day at our chu’ch dis yeah. De Daughters of Zion is gwine to march in a percession an’ set up on de platform, an’ all de men an’ de boys is gwine to wear white carnations in deir buttonholes, an’ Brer Jinkins is gwine to nor-rate ’bout whut a merciful dispensation of Providence hit is, dat mothers was invented, an’ hit sholy is gwine to be one splurgeous occasion.

“Me, I ain’t been takin’ much interest in Mother’s Day, befo’ dis. By de time I got up an’ cooked breakfast, an’ got out a clean shu’t for Ike, an’ buttoned Ma’y Jane up in de back, an’ foun’ Thomas Jefferson George Washington Abraham Lincoln’s Sunday coat an’ britches for him, an’ washed little Teddy Roosterfelt’s face an’ hands, an’ got ’em all off to celebrate Mother’s Day, I was dat tired, an’ wo’ out, an’ low in my mind, dat I didn’t care wheder anybody flung any bouquets at motherhood or not. Hit seemed to me dat motherhood was des ’bout de hardest job, wid de least pay in hit, on earth, an’ I didn’t feel dat I had no call to lift up my voice in any glory hallelujahs over hit.

“Hit looked lak dat dem ladies whut hadn’t had



## MIRANDY ON MOTHERS

nothin' but Pomeranian pups or canary birds, an' dat could put in deir time embroiderin' demselves longery, instid of patchin' de seats of pants, an' sewin' on buttons, an' darnin' socks; an' dat could spend deir money buyin' new spring hats instid of blowin' hit in on little shoes; an' dat could clean up a room an' have hit stay clean instid of bein' mussed up in ten minutes by a passel of chillun playin' Injun, had done chose de better part, as de Good Book says, an' I looked at 'em sorter slanchwise an' envious, out of de corner of my eye.

"But de war done change all of dat. It suttenly gave us mothers a boost, an' when I went 'bout wid my service flag wid a star on it pinned on my breast, you better believe dat I cast a contemptuous look at dem women whut hadn't got nothin' but a dog-license to hang on deirs.

"Yassum, I guess dere ain't nobody else in de worl' dat's des as proud an' humble, an' as sad an' glad, as we mothers is now, for it's done been proned into us dat we's de real saviors of our country, an' dat ef we'd been slackers, dere wouldn't have been nobody to stand between us an' de enemy. Yassum, behind de man wid de gun, dere was de mother behind de perambulator fust.

"It's we mothers dat's done raised de *infantry*, an' dat's why we's got a right to climb up on a pedestal an' give three cheers for Mother's Day dis

## MIRANDY ON MOTHERS

yeah, becaze ef dere hadn't been no mothers, whar would we all be now? I jes' axes you dat.

"Furdermo', whilst I ain't a pertendin' dat we all women is Solomonses in petticoats, I will say dis, dat we was de fust in dis heah preparedness business, an' dat ef de men had been as busy gettin' ready de cannon an' de powder as we was in gettin' ready de soldiers, de war would have done been fit and ended long ago.

"Yassum, I reckons dat one of de curiourest peculiarities of dis heah war is de way it's made folks look on mothers, an' de way it's made mothers look on demselves. It used to be dat we sorter thought motherhood was kind of a unskilled-labor trade dat any woman could follow dat didn't have enough sense to do anything else.

"An' folks would brag 'bout deir daughter Gladys dat was a actin' in de movies, an' deir daughter Blanche dat was a singin' in de choir, an' deir daughter Elmiry whut had a good job in a store or a office, but dey always sighed an' looked pitiful when dey spoke 'bout po' daughter Susan whut had a house full of chillren.

"An' po' Susan got kind of green-eyed when she thought 'bout Sister Gladys, an' Blanche, an' Elmiry, an' felt dat she was sorter wastin' her time raisin' up a lot of little animals dat didn't think 'bout nothin' but whut dey put in deir stomachs, an' on deir backs,

## MIRANDY ON MOTHERS

an' in deir pockets, an' dat didn't look lak dey had any mo' soul in 'em dan dere is in a fried eyester.

"Yassum, dat's de way dat motherhood looked to a lot of us befor' de war, an' dat's de reason we didn't feel no glory in our callin', an' no call to go aroun' beatin' on de cymbals to perclaim dat we done hatched out dat kind of a brood.

"Dat's de way I felt, an' ef anybody had a tole me dat my George Washington Thomas Jefferson Abraham Lincoln, whut was always a gorgin' hisself on po'k chops an' fussin' 'bout his neckties, was dat sloshin' over wid patriotic sentiment dat he was willin' to go out an' die for de right, ef so be as he had to, why I would had thought dat dat pusson was makin' a bee-line for de bughouse.

"But dat's whut happened. Dat's de meracle dat's done took place. My boy, whut's always been cranky 'bout his eats, an' kicked de roof off ef de water warn't hot enough for his bath, riz up at de call of duty an' went widout one word to de cold, an' de dirt, an' de mud of de trenches, an' to look death in de eye an' not be afraid—an' so did de boys of thousands an thousands of other mothers, an' dat's whut's put a crown an' a glory on motherhood.

"It made all of us mothers feel dat when we brought a boy into de worl' lak dat, we did a big thing, something so big an' gran' dat it makes all

## MIRANDY ON MOTHERS

de odder things dat women has done des look lak thu'ty cents in counterfeit money.

"Yassum, dat's de way it is wid me, an' dat's why I's havin' to put my hat on wid a shoe-horn dese days, becaze my head's so swelled up wid pride an' vain glory. An' dat's de way wid all of us mothers. I bet we was de most surprisedest lot of folks dat ever lived, when we done found de kind of stuff dat was in dem little boys we've been tryin' to lambaste into de straight an' narrow way for twenty yeahs an' mo'.

"An' findin' out dat our sons was ready to fight an' die for somethin' bigger dan dey was, has made big women of us mothers. We had to try to be worthy of 'em. You couldn't howl, an' cry, an' try to hold yo' boy back when he was goin' to do his part to save de worl'. An' so de good Lawd somehow gave us mothers de strength to keep our tears to wet our pillows at night wid, and to turn a cheerful face on 'em to de last.

"God knows it wasn't easy. I kept a set smile a smilin' ontel my jawbones was mighty nigh cracked, but George Washington Thomas Jefferson Abraham Lincoln wasn't gwine away rememberin' dat he had a mother date was a quitter.

"As I watched him marchin' off wid his company, Sis Alviry Jones, whut's a ole maid, says to me: 'Sis Mirandy, I don't see how you stand hit. Suppose

## MIRANDY ON MOTHERS

George Washington Thomas Jefferson Abraham Lincoln don't never come back no mo'.'

"'Ef he don't,' 'spon's I, 'at any rate I'll know dat I bore a man, an' dat's enough glory for any woman, Sis Alviry. De thing I couldn't have stood would have been ef he had hilt back when his country called him.'

"Motherhood ain't never gwine to be one of dese heah odd-come-short jobs agin. It's gwine to be de grandest perfession a woman can follow, an' ev'y one of den soldiers honors it lak he never did befo'.

"Yassum, dat war suttently took us mothers out of de back row whar we sot, po' an' humble an' neglected, an' gave us votes, an' set us up in de Amen corner whar ev'ybody's givin' us de glad hand. An' dat's why we's gwine to have dis gran' celebration of Mother's Day dis yeah."



## A Legend of Bregenz

**G**IRT round with rugged mountains  
The fair Lake Constance lies;  
In her blue heart reflected,  
Shine back the starry skies;  
And watching each white cloudlet  
Float silently and slow,  
You think a piece of heaven  
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence,  
Enthroned in heaven, looks down  
Upon her own calm mirror,  
Upon a sleeping town;  
For Bregenz, that quaint city  
Upon the Tyrol shore,  
Has stood above Lake Constance  
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,  
From off their rocky steep,  
Have cast their trembling shadow  
For ages on the deep;  
Mountain, and lake, and valley  
A sacred legend know,  
Of how the town was saved, one night,  
Three hundred years ago.



## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

Far from her home and kindred,  
A Tyrol maid had fled,  
To serve in the Swiss valleys,  
And toil for daily bread;  
And every year that fled  
So silently and fast,  
Seemed to bear farther from her  
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,  
Nor asked for rest or change;  
Her friends seemed no more new ones,  
Their speech seemed no more strange;  
And when she led her cattle  
To pasture every day,  
She ceased to look and wonder  
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz  
With longing and with tears;  
Her Tyrol home seemed faded  
In a deep mist of years;  
She heeded not the rumours  
Of Austrian war and strife;  
Each day she rose contented,  
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children  
Would clustering round her stand,  
She sang them ancient ballads

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

Of her own native land;  
And when at morn and evening  
She knelt before God's throne,  
The accents of her childhood  
Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt; the valley  
More peaceful year by year;  
When suddenly strange portents  
Of some great deed seemed near.  
The golden corn was bending  
Upon its fragile stalk,  
While farmers, heedless of their fields,  
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,  
With looks cast on the ground;  
With anxious faces, one by one,  
The women gathered round;  
All talk of flax or spinning,  
Or work, was put away;  
The very children seemed afraid  
To go alone to play.

One day out in the meadow  
With strangers from the town,  
Some secret plan discussing,  
The men walked up and down.  
Yet now and then seemed watching  
A strange uncertain gleam,

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

That looked like lances 'mid the trees  
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,  
Then care and doubt were fled ;  
With jovial laugh they feasted ;  
The board was nobly spread.  
The elder of the village  
Rose up, his glass in hand,  
And cried, "We drink the downfall  
Of an accursed land !

"The night is growing darker,  
Ere one more day is flown,  
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,  
Bregenz shall be our own!"  
The women shrank in terror,  
(Yet Pride, too, had her part,)  
But one poor Tyrol maiden  
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz ;  
Once more her towers arose ;  
What were the friends beside her ?  
Only her country's foes !  
The faces of her kinsfolk,  
The days of childhood flown,  
The echoes of her mountains  
Reclaimed her as their own !

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

Nothing she heard around her,  
    (Though shouts rang forth again,)  
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,  
    The pasture, and the plain;  
Before her eyes one vision,  
    And in her heart one cry,  
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,  
    And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,  
    With noiseless step she sped;  
Horses and weary cattle  
    Were standing in the shed;  
She loosed the strong white charger,  
    That fed from out her hand,  
She mounted, and she turned his head  
    Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—  
    Faster, and still more fast;  
The smooth grass flies behind her,  
    The chestnut wood is past;  
She looks up; clouds are heavy;  
    Why is her steed so slow?  
Scarcely the wind beside them  
    Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "Oh, faster!"  
    Even the church-bells chime;  
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

And bring me there in time!"  
But louder than bells' ringing,  
Or lowing of the kine,  
Grows nearer in the midnight  
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters  
Their headlong gallop check?  
The steed draws back in terror,  
She leans upon his neck  
To watch the flowing darkness;  
The bank is high and steep;  
One pause—he staggers forward,  
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,  
And looser throws the rein;  
Her steed must breast the waters  
That dash above his mane.  
How gallantly, how nobly  
He struggles through the foam,  
And see—in the far distance,  
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,  
And now they rush again  
Towards the heights of Bregenz,  
That tower above the plain.  
They reach the gate of Bregenz  
Just as the midnight rings,

## A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

And out come serf and soldier  
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight  
Her battlements are manned;  
Defiance greets the army  
That marches on the land.  
And if to deeds heroic  
Should endless fame be paid,  
Bregenz does well to honour  
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished,  
And yet upon the hill  
An old stone gateway rises,  
To do her honour still.  
And there, when Bregenz women  
Sit spinning in the shade,  
They see in quaint old carving  
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,  
By gateway, street, and tower,  
The warder paces all night long,  
And calls each passing hour;  
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,  
And then (O crown of Fame!)  
When midnight pauses in the skies,  
He calls—the maiden's name!

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.



## My Hert is Scottish Still

**I**T is years since I left Scotland,  
And sailed across the sea,  
That land I lo'e sae dearly,  
But ne'er again shall see.  
It's the hame o' a' my kinsfolk,  
In its bosom now they sleep  
Whilst, I, a lonely wanderer,  
Am far ayont the deep.  
And to-night, my spirit wafts me,  
Far, far across the main,  
To a wee hoose in the heather,  
That aince I ca'ed my hame.

I can see its latticed windows,  
And the roses roon' them twine,  
And hear the lav'rock singing,  
As in days o' auld lang syne.  
The meal mill, aye, I see it  
A bit farther doon the glen,  
And the schule hoose, as it shelters,  
In the cradle o' the Ben.  
But the miller and the blacksmith,  
And the dominie as well,  
They are sleepin' a' thegither,  
In the Kirkyard o' Kinnell.

## MY HERT IS SCOTTISH STILL

O, my foreign freens oft chide me  
On my love, dear land for thee,  
For the Scottish song and story,  
Learnt at my mither's knee,  
As often, in the gloamin',  
She would sit and sing to me  
Fu' mony an auld-time ballad,  
O' hame and countrie,  
Now I'm growin' auld and feeble,  
An' I'm totterin' doon the hill,  
But hearken, while I whisper,  
My hert is Scottish still.

—P. C. McDONALD

## Dawn on the Irish Coast

**T**HANAMNADIAH, but there it is!

The dawn on the hills of Ireland,  
God's angels lifting the night's black veil,  
From the fair sweet face of my sireland.  
O Ireland! Isn't it grand you look  
Like a bride in her rich adornin'!  
With all the pent-up love of my heart,  
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Oho! Upon Cliona's strand,  
The surges are grandly beating,  
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out,  
To give us a friendly greeting.  
Into the shore the sea-birds fly,  
On pinions that know no drooping,  
While out from the cliffs with a welcome charged,  
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly and generous Irish land,  
So leal and fair and loving,  
No wonder the wandering Celt should think  
And dream of you in his roving.  
The alien home may have gems and gold,  
Sorrow may never have gloomed it,  
But the heart will sigh for the absent land  
When the love-light first illumed it.

## DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,  
Watching the wild waves motion,  
Leaning her back against the hills,  
With the tips of her toes in the ocean?  
I almost think I hear Shandon Bells,  
But Ah! their chiming is over,  
For it's many a year since I began  
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, Asthore Machree,  
The hills I now feast my eyes on,  
Never met my vision save when they rose  
O'er memory's dim horizon.  
Even then 'twas grand and fair they looked,  
In the landscape spread before me,  
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope,  
To find Canada's skies still o'er me.

Oh ! Often amid Canadian scenes  
When the day and the work were over,  
My heart would sigh for that distant land  
And around that coastline hover,  
And the prayer would rise that some future day  
All dangers and doubtings scorning,  
I'd hope to win for my native land,  
The light of young liberty's morning.

Now fuller and truer the shore-line grows,  
Was ever a scene so splendid?  
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,

## DAWN ON THE IRISH COAST

Thank God! My exile's ended!  
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,  
And the vale and cot I was born in,  
O Ireland! Up from my heart of hearts,  
I bid you the Top o' the Mornin'.

—JOHN LOCKE.

## For He was Scotch and so was She

THEY were a couple well content  
With what they earned and what they  
spent,

Cared not a whit for style's decree—  
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

And oh, they loved to talk of Burns—  
Dear blithesome, tender Bobby Burns!  
They never wearied of his song,  
He never sang a note too strong.  
One little fault could neither see—  
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

They loved to read of men who stood  
And gave for country life and blood,  
Who held their faith so grand a thing  
They scorned to yield it to a king.  
Ah, proud of such they well might be—  
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

I would not have you think this pair  
Went on in weather always fair,  
For well you know in married life  
Will come, sometimes, the jar and strife;  
They couldn't always just agree—  
For he was Scotch, and so was she.



## HE WAS SCOTCH AND SO WAS SHE

But near of heart they ever kept,  
Until at close of life they slept;  
Just this to say when all was past,  
They loved each other to the last,  
They're loving yet, in heaven, maybe—  
For he was Scotch, and so was she.

—JEAN BLEWETT.

## What to Say and How to Say it

THE bromidic comment, "It wasn't so much what he said, as the way he said it," applies to the public speaker with even greater force than to the conversationalist. Few people realize all that lies back of the trite phrase, "the way one says it." Let me quote as an illustration, a typical letter:

"My daughter, twelve years old, has great talent and is the most popular person on the programme every time she recites. But we find it difficult to get new pieces for her. We took your 'Platform Sketches' out of the Public Library and she learned several selections, but found some of them didn't take. Perhaps she didn't recite them just the way you do. Can you recommend something the public will like, no matter how it is done?"

There are, in every well-chosen collection of recitations, a few direct, straight-forward stories, simple enough in form to interest an audience, if read audibly and with ordinary intelligence; and the amateur, unless specially gifted, would do well to confine her efforts to that class of selection.

Of course, one could scarcely expect the twelve year old child, the untrained amateur, or even the newly-fledged graduate to use the same material to

## WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT

equal advantage with the experienced professional, because "the way one says it" depends so much on equipment, training and experience.

The story is told of the famous actress, Modjeska, that at a reception in her honor, an American hostess begged her to recite in her native language. "What use?" she asked, "since no one here understands Polish." "It would be so unique, such a novelty," they insisted. So Madame gracefully complied, leading her hearers through the gamut of moods: vivacity, gayety, laughter, consternation, tears, tragedy, till one shuddering listener declared, "Though I didn't understand a word I felt it all to the depths of my being." "Do tell us the story in English." "That" explained the actress naively, "was the Polish alphabet several times repeated!" So perfect was her command of vocal resources that mere sounds, without sense, could move her audience to laughter or tears.

Speaking of Marie Lohr, an admirer said recently, "The play's the thing?" "No such thing! It's the way she acts it. If she only said, 'Bah, bah, black sheep,' she'd make it interesting."

I am often asked, "What is the necessary equipment for platform or stage success?" I should say, first; nature's endowment of imagination, dramatic temperament—mimetic faculty, a keen ear for modulations, and mental capacity. Second, by acquisi-

## WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT

tion,—education, literary associations, concentration, years of vocal training and apprenticeship before the public as an amateur or humble professional, long before Stardom is dreamed of.

The ambitious but misguided aspirant, who studies for a year, acquires by rote in imitation of her teacher, a certain repertoire, makes her debut before a hand-picked audience of friends, reads next morning, laudatory Press notices inspired by the same inner circle, and proudly imagines she has scaled the ladder of Fame, is doomed to disillusionment, when she faces impartial audiences on her own merits and essays self-prepared selections outside of her parrot-learned repertoire.

Now this is not in any sense a text-book, but, may I not venture, from long experience, to drop a few hints to the amateur, on what I have found to be an effective method of preparing selections? (Those not specially interested, please skip.)

First: *Understand* the story—its thought, feeling, characters, and motive. If it be an excerpt from a poem, novel or play, read the whole.

Second: *Picture* the scene, characters and action, till they are as clear to the mind's eye, as a film-production. If you see plainly, this succession of pictures when you are portraying them verbally to an audience, they, too, will realistically view the drama. You will find elements specially calculated to develop

## WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT

this habit of mental photography, in the following: "For Belgium," "The Turning Point," "The Royal Bowman," "The Coward."

So much for the mental conception. Now for expression: Note the prominent ideas and mark them for emphasis; off-hand and instinctive expression—except by the expert—very often clouds the meaning, just as haphazard effort in any Art usually defeats its purpose. Important ideas should be like the highlights in a painting, subordinate words shading down to the lowest tint according to their relative importance. This is effected by gradations of pitch, rate, etc. (I fear that this hint could be conveyed to the uninitiated, by means of vocal illustration only.)

*Never memorize mere words.* If you do, the final effect is liable to be mechanical, artificial or at least, lacking in spontaneity.

*Fix the ideas*—the action, the order of events, firmly in your mind and when that is accomplished, the reading of the text aloud, a few times, will stamp the words indelibly on the memory.

Never recite anything till you have it in your system; till it is so much yours, that you can utter the words spontaneously and with authority. Searching for words, destroys concentration and breaks the sense.

*Phrase the text*—with pencil separating individual ideas. How often I have wished singers would do this, when I hear some such phrasing as:

## WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT

"Oh! let me sit beside you, in your eyes |  
Reading the message of love's Paradise|

In "Lasca," many people phrase these two lines, so:

"And I wonder why, I do not care  
For the things that *are*, like the things that *were*."

—making an ungrammatical use of the word "like"—  
instead of phrasing them with greater regard to gram-  
mar and sentiment:

"And I wonder why | I do not care  
For the things | that are *like* the things that were."

Do not attempt dialect unless you have often heard  
a native speak it. To imitate an imitator is risky.

Above all, be natural and conversational. Tragic,  
heroic or sublime sentiment may demand greater  
volume of tone, or more decided modulations than  
ordinary narrative, but the naturalness of tone should  
be preserved by a faithful enlargement of conversa-  
tional expression. Instead, many reciters assume a  
hollow, dead, unnatural tone, or shout all the words  
on one pitch, like an auctioneer or a street-crier.

The "born reciter" however, is not so apt to be  
caught in the toils of artificiality, as the host of imita-  
tors.

One of the unmistakeable signs of inborn talent  
manifests itself in initiative in choosing one's own  
selections. When pupils used to bring to me, a



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cutting from a story, or a fugitive poem from a newspaper, I discovered that they usually had, in addition to the dramatic insight that recognized suitable material, their own ideas as to the interpretation of it.

Long years ago, when as a young graduate from a School of Elocution, I returned to Toronto, it was my privilege to instruct a class of enthusiastic convent girls. We were studying the Famine Scene from *Hiawatha*, each girl reading in turn, a certain number of lines. All at once I saw one pupil step out from her place and slip into line lower down. Not till it was her turn to read, did I realize the reason of her move. She had deliberately measured out the lines and taken up her position so that the climax, the grief of Nokomis over Minnehaha's death, should fall to her lot. Her choice was justified by the way in which she read it, for not only was her own face white with emotion, but a line of weeping and admiring comrades testified to the genuineness of her expression, and the Sister in charge, with mingled pride and concern, confided to me her fears that the stage would claim the emotional pupil as its own. That girl was Margaret Anglin, who continues to show the same initiative, the same courage and determination to find what she wants and to make others realize the value of it in her hands. Problem plays, comedies, Greek tragedy, Shakespearean repertoire,

## WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT

dynamic emotion and thistledown humor are all grist for her mill. It's not "what she says" but "the way she says it."

What makes "The Lost Chord" a tone poem when played by Herbert Clarke, cornetist, now leader of Canada's most famous band? Musical talent, plus intelligence, plus perfect phrasing and breath control, and in that sum, w-o-r-k is a prominent figure. I remember, years ago, seeing Herbert Clarke, in the green room of the old Pavilion, earnestly repeating as if his life depended on it, the words of each verse of "The Lost Chord," so that every note of the cornet would carry its articulate message to the audience.

Was it merely a God-given, bird-like voice that made Emma Beebe Caldwell, Canada's greatest coloratura?

When at a reception given by The Garrick Club of Hamilton, to Madame Modjeska, Mrs. Caldwell sang some of her famous arias, the actress rushed to her side and exclaimed, "Ees eet a bird or a woman? I must kees you, you have taken away all my fatigue!" Sometime after, Modjeska sent to the Club her photograph with the inscription, "Stay but a little, I will come again to hear the nightingale." But lips are more than bird beaks when intelligence directs them and Mrs. Caldwell's vocal picture of the desolation of "The Rainy Day" remains as vivid a memory as her "Carnival of Venice" or "Magic Flute" arias.

## WHAT TO SAY AND HOW TO SAY IT

Another gem that shines in memory, is that classic of Scottish Songs, "The Land o' the Leal" as sung by Maggie Barr, (Mrs. Fenwick, Hamilton). Every Scotch community that heard her sing that song, felt that they had entered the Holy of Holies with the singer. So deep a spiritual impression did it make, that one of Hamilton's prominent citizens, when on his deathbed, expressed as his last wish, the request that Maggie Barr should come and sing to him, "The Land o' the Leal." Surely a tribute of more solid worth than all the years of public applause.

In all these instances, the real secret of success, was the Artist's love of his art. None worked for success, but each for "the joy of the working."

"And none but the Master shall praise us,  
And none but the Master shall blame,  
And no one shall work for money,  
And no one shall work for Fame.  
But each for the joy of the working,  
And each in his separate star,  
Shall draw the thing as he sees it  
For the God of things as they are!"

## Two Scotch Courtships

**B**EHOLD two old wives seated at the fireside, drinking the blackest of tea, the teapot on the fire blackened with use and broken at "the stroup."

"Eh wumman, yon's graun' tea, it fairly sticks tae the roof o' yer mou'. Nane o' yer new fangled German siller teapots for me, ye dinna get the guid o' the tea unless it staun's fer half an 'oor at the fire. Eh, there's naething like the auld broon teapot."

And there they sit and crack over their young days. The one thin, nervous, black-eyed, poetic, the other squat and stout, practical, matter-of-fact, prosaic. But they dearly love a gossip and cackle ower the stories of their courtin', the recollection of which seems even sweeter than the reality.

"Eh, woman, they were graun' days, they young days! Weel do I min'—Dear me! it's jist forty years the nicht, since oor John socht me for his wife,—but I'll tell ye the whole story, if ye'll tell me what your man said when he socht you—But ye maunna repeat it, min', tae ony ither body. Weel, ye maun ken, John an' me had gone thegither for nearly five year—Eh, it's a long time an' I was beginnin' tae weary on John. A wumman disna like tae hang on ower lang, ye ken, an' ah was beginning tae be

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feart, that if John didna speak sune, he wudna speak ava.

"Tuesday nights an' Friday nights were John's nights an' John an' me were rale sib. Weel, ma faither's hoose stood in the middle o' a gairden an' when oor John cam' tae see me, he aye gied three raps at the winda. Some chiels gie twa raps an' some gie fower raps an' a whistle—but oor John gied jist the three raps.

"Weel, this nicht, we were a' seated roon the fireside an' I was knittin' awa' at ma stockin', when there cam' the three raps at the winda an' ma hairt gaed—dunt-dunt-dunt! for ah kent it was him. But ah never let on, ye ken! ah jist goed on wi' ma knittin'. By an' bye, ah laid doon the stockin' ah was at and gaed oot tae the back door an' cried oot, "Is that you, John?" An oot o' the dark cam' a deep voice, "Aye! it's me Janet!" an' wi that, there was a motion among the bushes an' the sound cam' nearer an' nearer, till John was at ma side and eh, wumman! Sic a work he made wi' me."

"Hoot, toot wumman, look at that, deil o' a laddie takin' in every word ye say!"

"Oh, he's ower young tae un'erstaun' oor clavers! Here's a piece an' treacle tae ye laddie—that'll shut his mooth an' his lugs baith."

Weel, doon the brae we gaed. "It's a fine nicht," says I. "Graun' weather for the crops," says John,



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but no anither word did he say. Oor John never was a great haun' at sayin' muckle an' this nicht, he was waur than ever.

Weel, doon the brae we gaed, till bye an' bye, ah found John's airm slippin' roon ma waist. Then ah made believe tae miss ma foot, ye ken, an' that made John haud me tichter than iver—Eh, folks say it's the lads that court the lasses, It's naethin' o' the kine! for if I hadn't gien oor John a haun, he wadna hae gotten on ava'!—"Eat awa at yer piece an' treacle laddie an' dinna glower at me like that!"

Aweel, doon the brae we gaed, till we cam' 'neath a bush an' its bonnie branches hid us from every mortal 'ee. Even the impertinent man in the moon that sees sae mony things he shouldna see, couldna look down on us that nicht. Weel, there we stood a long time, an' John, as usual, said naething; but a' this time his airm was roon ma waist an' at last he stammered, "J-J-Janet—J-J-Janet."

"Eh!" thinks I, "Surely I've caught John at last!" But the words must have stuck in his throat, for no anither word did he say.

An' there we stood a long time an' eh, we were sae happy! "Surely," thinks I, "This is Heaven upon earth."

But all at once John astonished me. He caught haud o' ma hand an' pressed it against his hairt that was knock, knock, knockin' against his ribs; an' all



## TWO SCOTCH COURTSHIPS

at once, he found his tongue an' he cries, "Eh, Janet, w-w-will ye mairry me?"

"Eh, wumman, wasna I richt glad tae hear that! but a wumman disna hear that very often in her life, sae she needna be in a hurry tae answer—But ah didna wait ower lang, for fear ah wud lose him a' thegither. John's airm was roon ma waist, ma heid was on John's bosom an' his hairt was knockin' waur than ever! An' at last ah found ma tongue, an' ah says, "John! y-y-yes!" an' wi' that, oor John gaed clean daft an' he fairly worried me wi' kisses."

"Hoot, toot awa wumman! tch-tch-tch! sic on-goin's! What an' awfu' example tae the laddie! Ma man an' me werna sic fules. When ma man cam' tae see me, he cam' into the hoose like ony ither body. Tae be sure, there was only me an' him in the hoose at the time—an' he sat doon in faither's chair an' put 'yin foot ower the tither.

"Ony news?" quoth I.

"Aye!" quoth he, "I've tae'n a hoose."

"Tae'n a hoose!" quoth I.

"Aye!" quoth he. "I've tae'n a hoose an' am furnishin' a hoose."

"Losh be here!" quoth I, "Ye've tae'n a hoose an' ye're furnishin' a hoose? An' wha are ye furnishin' a hoose for?"

"Eh!" quoth he, "I'm furnishin' the hoose for you."

"Oh" quoth I, "If that be the way o't, it wad be

## TWO SCOTCH COURTSIPS

a great peety tae waste the guid furniture! An' that's hoo ah cam' tae tak' ma man. It was jist sa the furniture wadna be wasted!"

—DAVID KENNEDY.

## Voice from a Far Country

THE old couple were very lonely that winter afternoon, though each tried to hide the knowledge of it from the other. It was their daughter's birthday, their only child who had left them to go to the big, glittering world on the other side of the water. There she had won fame with her voice, while they stayed behind in the little village shut in on every side by towering hills, and tried to be cheerful about her.

Usually they succeeded fairly well, at least outwardly, but this day of all others in the year was the hardest to get through with. Even Christmas was not so dreary as this birthday which brought so keenly to their minds, memories of other birthdays—the first one, when the baby's coming found them awe-struck with joy and the wonder of it all, and the succeeding years, as their treasure grew from babyhood to girlhood, and from a lovable girl to a lovely, graceful woman, when she had vanished from their sight.

They had not seen her since, for money had been scarce and her time valuable. She must work very hard, she wrote them—life seemed far too short for what she hoped to accomplish.

The old couple made a pretense at keeping up a

## VOICE FROM A FAR COUNTRY

conversation as they sat in the big kitchen that afternoon. The sky was gray and lowering. The first snowstorm of the season was impending, and it promised to be heavy. Presently, after a long silence, during which each had fallen into a reverie of memories, the old man rose.

"Guess I'll git my chores done afore it storms, mother. It's coming on to snow fast."

"All right, father, I'll have supper ready for you when you come in."

"You needn't hurry supper; I thought I'd go to the post-office after I git the critters fed. There might be a letter from Milly."

"All right, father, mebbe there will."

The old man went out and the woman busied herself in the kitchen, leisurely preparing supper. Twilight came and the woman lighted an old-fashioned glass lamp and began to set the table in the center of the room, at the same time humming the refrain of a lullaby, and as she sang, she sighed. Presently the door leading to the yard flew open, letting in great gusts of wintry air that very nearly extinguished the light.

"Hurry up and git the door shut, pa," the woman said; "Wa'n't there no letter?"

Her back was toward her husband as she spoke.

"No, but there's this." And then she turned and saw that he was wheeling a wooden box almost too large for him to manage.

## VOICE FROM A FAR COUNTRY

"When I went into the office and found there wa'n't no letter I felt considerable disappointed, but when I was comin' by Jones's store, Jones come to the door and says: 'Say, Si, there's a box here for you!'"

"Fur me?" says I.

"Yes," says he. "It come this afternoon by express, and I guess by the looks of it, it's from your daughter in furrin parts."

"So here it is, and now, mother, where's the hatchet?"

"Mother" brought the hatchet and stood by in silence while the box was opened.

"My, What a funny thing! Looks like a small sized sewin' machine. I wonder if Milly sent that for a joke."

"No, father, Millie wouldn't send a sewing-machine. I wonder if it's a vacuum cleaner or a new potato parer?"

Silas set the curved case of polished wood on the table and opened it up.

"Here's something that looks like stove-lids. Mebbe its a fireless cooker?"

"No, father, here's a paper telling all about it. It's a phonograph and those black stove-lids are records."

"Well, I knew about as much as I did before, but we'll follow the rules and see what happens."

## VOICE FROM A FAR COUNTRY

The faces of the old couple were full of interest as Silas touched the spring that set the phonograph in motion. They heard a peculiar buzzing, but nothing wonderful happened, and a look of disappointment was settling on both countenances, when out of the buzzing came the sound of a voice singing. (Music begins here.) Surprise, amazement, wonder succeeded each other in the two wrinkled faces as the first notes of "Home, Sweet Home," fell on their startled ears.

"Mid pleasures and palaces, tho' we may roam."

They listened breathlessly. Suddenly the woman exclaimed: "Silas, it's Milly singing."

"No, 'taint." But the denial died on his lips as he recognized the familiar tones.

They did not speak again, but stood with clasped hands, their eager hearts drinking in the wealth of song that filled the bare old kitchen while the snow fell silently outside.

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-  
where."

The words of these lines came with ringing force as though the singer felt the truth and so sang, not to the multitude that thronged each night to listen, but to the two faithful hearts over the sea whose lives were lonely because they could not hear her voice.



## VOICE FROM A FAR COUNTRY

As the mother and father listened, it seemed as if Milly, far away in Paris, stretched out her hands to them across the water.

The way she sang the old familiar tune, so simple and so grand, told them she had not forgotten them, and that in the midst of triumphs of success, she longed sometimes to be with them again.

"An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain."

The mother's tears were falling fast.

"Home! Home! Sweet, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The old man's eyes were wet, too, but the tears the father and mother shed were not tears of sorrow, for the sting had gone out of their loneliness, and as the music ceased, peace came and lay like a mantle over the little country home, and the world outside was growing whiter every moment.

## Willie's Portion

**W**HEN we have Christmas turkey,  
All cooked so nice and brown,  
My Pa he carves each one a slice  
An' passes it aroun'.  
He gives to every one but me,  
The part that they selec'  
An' when I pass my plate, he says,  
"Here Willie, here's the neck."

Ma always says "Oh, anything!"  
But Pa gives her the breast.  
An' Uncle Joe he takes a leg,  
The part 'at I like best.  
An' Grandpa says, "Oh, I dunno,  
I'll take a wing, I 'spec' "  
An' Pa all smiling, says, "Jess so,  
Here Willie, here's the neck."

When Sister Susan's asked her choice  
She says "I'll take a thigh,"  
An' brother George he gets his slice  
With stuffin' piled up high.  
An' so it goes, until O dear!  
That turkey's just a wreck,  
When Pa at last says, "Willie, here's"—  
An' Willie gets the neck.

## WILLIE'S PORTION

Now I've been thinkin' quite a while,  
(I hope it is no sin)  
That sposin' turks went out o' style  
An' other birds came in,  
An' sposin' stead of turkey,  
Pa had ostrich to dissec'  
I wonder would he say, "Aha!  
Here Willie, here's the neck!"

## That Hired Girl

*The Clergyman's Reception on his initial call in his new Parish.*

WHEN she came to work for the family on Congress street, the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book-peddlers, vegetable men, picture sellers, rag-men, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in the house.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got to be after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah-um-is-Mrs.-ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see-see—"

## THAT HIRED GIRL

"Meander!" she shouted looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any floursifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the sweet lavender, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for five."

"But there is my card."

## THAT HIRED GIRL

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open, I will have to fling a flower-pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said, as he went through the gate.

"It won't do any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no sweet lavender, tea or coffee. I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.



## For Conscience Sake

*(While Lord Kilspindie, the owner of large estates in Scotland, was travelling on the continent, the domineering factor refused to renew the farm lease of one of the oldest tenants unless Burnbrae should leave the Free Kirk and join the Established Church.)*

IT was known in the Glen that on Monday, Burnbrae must choose between his farm and his conscience and the atmosphere at the Free Kirk, was such as might be felt.

Burnbrae and Jean walked home that Sabbath alone, and the past encompassed their hearts.

"D'ye mind the nicht Jean, that ye cam' doon the road wi' me and a' askit ye tae be ma wife?"

"It'll be forty-five years the mornin's nicht, John, an' a' see the verra place frae here. There's a rose-bush yonder still."

"Ye pluckit me a rose afore we pairtit, an' a' hae the leaves o't in the cover of ma Bible yet."

"Aye, ye were a hempie o' a lassie, Jean, making faces at me as often as a' lookit at ye, an' crying, 'Douce John Baxter,' till a' wes near the greetin' on the wy hame."

"But a' likit ye a' the time better than ony lad-die in the schule; a' think a' luved ye frae the beginnin', John."

"Hoo lang is that ago, Jean?"

"Sax and fifty year ago laist summer."

## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

The auld kirk stood on a bluff overlooking the Tocht, with the dead of the Glen round it; and at the look on Jean's face, Burnbrae turned up the kirk road and entered the kirkyard. The Baxter gravestone was covered with names, going back a century. The last name was that of a child:

Jean, the daughter of John Baxter,  
Farmer of Burnbrae,  
Aged 7 years.

"Wae's me, wha will care for her grave when we're far awa an' no a Baxter left in the Glen? It's no lightsome to leave the hoose whar we've livit sae lang, an' the fields ye've lookit at a' yir days, but it's sairest tae leave yir dead."

The past with the tender associations was tightening its hold on Jean, and when they looked down on the Glen from the height of Burnbrae, her voice broke again:

"It's a bonnie sicht, John, an' kindly tae oor eyes; we'll never see anither tae sateesfy oor auld age."

"A've seen nae ither a' ma' days," said Burnbrae, "an' there can be nane sae dear tae me noo in this warld; but it can be boucht ower dear, lass, wi' oor souls, Jean, wi' oor souls."

"Oh, John, a' ken we oucht tae dae what's richt, an' no deny oor principles; but a' canna leave, a' canna leave."

## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

"It's no siller or plenishing a'm thinkin' aboot; it's the hoose ye brocht me tae that day, an' the room ma bairns were born in, an' the gairden she played in.

"It's mair than a' can bear tae pairt wi' ma hame, an' the kirkyaird, an' gang into a strange place where a' ken naebody and naebody ken us. It'll brak ma hert.

"Are ye fixed aboot this maitter, John?...there's no muckle difference aifter a'.... Dr. Davidson's a fine man, an' a've herd ye praise him yersel... if ye promised tae gang at a time, maybe.

"A' want tae bide here and be beeried wi' Jeannie."

"Dinna try me like this," Burnbrae cried, with agony in his voice, "for the cross is heavy eneuch already withoot the wecht o' yir pleadin'.

"Ye dinna see the nicht what ye are askin', for yir een are blind wi' tears. If a' gied in tae ye and did what ye ask, ye wud be the sorriest o' the twa, for nane hes a truer hert.

"If it was onything else ye askit, ye wud hae it, Jean, though it cost me a' my gear, but a' daurna deny my kirk.

"A' maun say no tae the factor the mornin', an' if ye're against me it'll be hard on flesh and blood... Say yir wullin', an' a' fear nae evil, Jean."

"A'm tryin' hard, John," and when they came into the light of the kitchen, where the family was waiting,

## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

there was victory on the face of Burnbrae and Jean his wife.

"Well, Baxter," said the factor in his room next day, "your offer is all right in money, and we'll soon settle the building. By the way, I suppose you've thought over that kirk affair, and will give your word to attend the Established Church, eh?"

"Ye may be sure that a've gien a' ye said ma best judgment, an' there's naething I wudna dae to be left in Burnbrae, but this thing ye ask, a' canna grant. I canna leave ma kirk."

"Don't stand canting here. Do you mean to say that you will lose your farm, and see your family at the door for a kirk? You can't be such a drivelling fool; and a fellow of your age too! Yes or no?"

"A' hae nae choice, then, but tae say No; an' that's ma laist word."

"Then you and the rest of your friends will march, d' you understand? You may take this for notice at once—and I'll get some tenants that have respect for—ah—for—in fact, for law and order."

"Ye may clear the Free Kirk fouk oot o' Drumtochty, an' get new tenants o' some kind; but when ye hae filled the Glen wi' greedy time-servers, his lordship 'ill miss the men that coonted their conscience mair than their fairms."

"If you have quite finished, you may go," said the factor; "Leaving your farm does not seem to touch you much."

"Sir," replied Burnbrae with great solemnity, "I pray God you may never have such sorrow as you have sent on my house this day."

Jean was waiting at the top of the brae for her man, and his face told her the news.

"Ye maunna be cast doon, Jean," and his voice was very tender, "an' a' ken weel ye'll no be angry wi' me."

"Angry?" said Jean; "ma hert failed last nicht for a whilie, but that's ower noo an' for ever. John a' luvit ye frae the time we sat in the schule thegither, an' a' wes a happy wumman when ye mairried me.

"A've been lifted mony a time when a' saw how fouk respeckit ye, and abune a' when ye gaed doon the kirk with the cups in yir hands at the Saicrament, for a' kent ye were worthy.

"Ye're dearer tae me ilka year that comes and gaes, but a' never luvit ye as a' dae this nicht, an' a' coont sic a husband better than onything God cud gie me on earth."

And then Jean did what was a strange thing in Drumtochty—she flung her arms round Burnbrae's neck and kissed him.



# For Conscience Sake

## PART II.

One Thursday afternoon—the flitting was to be on Monday—Burnbrae came upon Jean in the garden, digging up plants and packing them tenderly with wide margins of their native earth.

“A’ cudna leave them, John, an’ they’ll mak oor new gairden mair hame-like. But preserve us a’ wha’s yon comin’?”

There was no need to ask, for indeed only one man in the parish could walk with such grave and stately dignity, Doctor Davidson, minister of the Established Church.

“This is rael neeburly, Doctor, an’ like yersel tae come up afore we left the auld place. Ye’re welcome at Burnbrae as yir father wes in ma father’s day. Ye heard that we’re flittin’ on Monday?”

“Ye’re not away yet, Burnbrae, ye’re not away yet; it’s not so easy to turn out a Drumtochty man as our English factor thought: we’re a stiff folk, and our roots grip fast.

“Do not lift any more of your plants, Mrs. Baxter, it’s bad for their growth; and I rather think you’ll have to put them back.”

Then the Doctor put on his eye-glasses with deliberation, opened out a telegram and read aloud:



## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

"Paris. Your letter found me at last; leave London for home Thursday morning; tell Burnbrae to meet me in Muirtown on Friday. Kilspindie."

At the factor's office next morning, Lord Kilspindie himself greeted Burnbrae. "Is that you, Burnbrae? Come in, man; come in. It's a pleasure to see a Drumtochty face again after those foreign fellows," and Lord Kilspindie gripped his tenant's hand. "Sit down and give me all your news.

"Th'ill be no speaking to Mrs. Baxter now after this exploit of the Sergeant's! When I read it on my way home I was as proud as if he had been my own son. It was a gallant deed, and well deserves the Cross. He'll be getting his commission some day. Lieutenant Baxter! That'll stir the Glen, eh?"

"But what is this I hear of your leaving Burnbrae? I don't like losing old tenants, and I thought you would be the last to flit."

"Did the factor not tell you, my Lord—"

"I've only seen him for five minutes, and he said it had nothing to do with rent; it was some religious notion or other. Is that so?"

"The fairm is worth thirty pund mair rent, an' a' wud hae paid saxty rather than leave my auld hame; but the factor made it a condection tae gie up ma kirk."

"Well, Burnbrae, I never thought you would have left me for a matter of kirks. Could you not have

## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

stretched a point for auld lang syne?" and Kilspindie looked hard at the old man.

"Ma Lord, there's naething a' wudna hae dune to stay in Burnbrae but this ae thing. Ye hae been a gude landlord tae me as the auld Earl wes tae ma father, an' it'll never be the same tae me again on anither estate; but ye maunna ask me tae gang back on ma conscience."

The tears came to Burnbrae's eyes, and he rose to his feet.

"A' thocht," he said, "when yir message cam', that maybe ye hed anither mind than yir factor, and wud send me back tae Jean wi' guid news in ma mooth.

"Gin it be yir wull that we flit, a'll make nae mair complaint, an' there's nae bitterness in ma hert. But a' wud like ye tae ken that it'll be a sair pairtin'.

"For twa hundred years an' mair there's been a Baxter at Burnbrae and a Hay at Kilspindie; ane wes juist a workin' farmer, an' the ither a belted earl, but gude freends an' faithfu', an', ma Lord, Burnbrae wes as dear tae oor fouk as the castle wes tae yours.

"A' mind that day the Viscount cam' o' age, an' we gaithered tae wush him weel, that a' saw the pictures o' the auld Hays on yir walls, an' thocht hoo mony were the ties that bound ye tae yir hame.

"We hadna pictures nor gouden treasures, but there's an' auld chair at oor fireside, an' a' saw ma grandfather in it when a' wes a laddie at the schule,

## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

an' a' mind him tellin' me that his grandfather hed sat in it lang afore. It's no worth muckle, an' it's been often mended, but a'll no like tae see it carried oot frae Burnbrae.

"There is a Bible, tae, that hes come doon, father tae son, frae 1690, and ilka Baxter hes written his name in it, an' 'farmer at Burnbrae,' but it'll no be dune again, for oor race 'ill be awa frae Burnbrae for ever.

"Be patient wi' me, ma Lord, for it's the lest time we're like tae meet, an' there's anither thing a' want tae say, for it's heavy on my hert.

"When the factor told me within this verra room that we maun leave, he spoke o' me as if a' hed been a lawless man, an' it cut me mair than ony ither word.

"Ma Lord, it's no the men that fear their God that 'ill brak the laws, an' a ken nae Baxter that wes ither than a loyal man tae his King and country.

"Ma uncle chairged wi' the Scots Greys at Waterloo, and a' mind him tellin', when a' wes a wee laddie, hoo the Hielanders cried oot, 'Scotland for ever' as they passed.

"A'll mention naethin' o' ma ain laddie, for ye've said mair than wud be richt for me, but we coont it hard that when oor laddie hes shed his blude like an honest man for his King, his auld father and mither sud be driven frae the hame their forbears hed for seeven generations."

## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

Lord Kilspindie rose to his feet and now went over to the window as one who wished to hide his face.

"It gaes tae ma hert that we sud pairt in anger, an' if a've said mair than a' oucht, it wes in sorrow, for a'll never forget hoo lang ma fouk hae lived on yir land, and hoo gude ye hae been tae me," and Burnbrae turned to the door.

"You're the dullest man in all Drumtochty, and the truest. Did you think that a Hay would let a Baxter go for all the kirks that ever were built? You supposed that I wanted you to play the knave for your farm, and this was the news you were to carry home to Jean; it's too bad of you, Burnbrae."

"Ma Lord, a' . . . ye ken—"

"It's all right, I was only joking; and the play was carried on a bit too long for both of us, but I wanted to hear your own mind upon this matter," and Kilspindie called for the factor.

"Is the Burnbrae lease drawn up?"

"It is, at an advance of sixty pounds, and I've got a man who will sign it, and says he will give no trouble about kirks; in fact, he'll just do . . . ah . . . well, whatever we tell him."

"Quite so; most satisfactory sort of man. Then you'll reduce the rent to the old figure, and put in the name of John Baxter, and let it be for the longest period we ever give on the estate."

"But Lord Kilspindie . . . I . . . did you know . . ."

## FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE

"Do as I command you without another word," and his Lordship was fearful to behold. "Bring the lease here in ten minutes, and place it in Mr. Baxter's hands. What I've got to say to you will keep till afterwards."

"Sit down, old friend, sit down;.... it was my blame.... I ought to be horse-whipped. .... Drink a little water. You're better now..... I'll go and see that fellow has no tricks in the conditions." But he heard Burnbrae say one word to himself, and it was "Jean."

"There are mony things a' wud like tae say, ma Lord," said Burnbrae before he left, "but a full hert maks few words. Gin lifting a dark cloud aff the life o' a family an' fillin' twa auld fouk wi' joy 'ill gie ony man peace, ye'll sleep soond this nicht in yir castle."

"When ye pass below Burnbrae on yir way to the Lodge and see the smoke curlin' up through the trees, ye'll ken a family's livin' there that will bless yir name, and will mention it in their prayers."

—IAN MACLAREN.



## The Obstructive Hat

Scene: *The Pit of a London theatre during Pantomime Time.*

**A**N Overheated Matron (to her husband)—“Well, they don’t give you much room in ’ere, I must say. Still, we done better than I expected, after all that crushin’. I thought my ribs was gone once—but it was on’y the umbrella’s. You pretty comfortable where you are, eh, father?”

Father—“Oh, I’m right enough, I am.”

Jimmy (their small boy with a piping voice)—“If father is it’s more nor what I am. I can’t see, mother, I can’t!”

Mother—“Lor’ bles’ the boy! there ain’t nothin’ to see yet; you’ll see well enough when the curting goes up. (Curtain rises on opening scene.) Look, Jimmy, ain’t that nice, now? All them himps, dancin’ round and real fire comin’ out of the pot—which I ’ope it’s quite safe—and there’s a beautiful fairy just come on drest so grand, too!”

Jimmy (whimpering)—“I can’t see no fairy—nor yet no himps—no nothin’!”

Mother (annoyed)—“Was there ever such an aggravating boy? Set quiet, do, and don’t fidget, and look at the hactin’!”



## THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT

Jimmy—"I tell yer I can't see no hactin', mother. It ain't my fault—it's this lady in front of me, with the 'at."

Mother—"Father, the pore boy says he can't see where he is, 'cause of a lady's 'at in front."

Father—"Well, I can't 'elp the 'at, can I? He must put up with it, that's all!"

Mother—"No—but I thought, if you wouldn't mind changing places with him; you're taller than 'im."

Father—"It's always the way with you—never satisfied, you ain't! Well, pass the boy across! I'm for a quiet life, I am (changing seats). Will this do for you?" (He settles down immediately behind a very large, furry hat which he dodges for some time.)

Father (suddenly)—"Blow the 'at."

Mother—"You can't wonder at the boy not seeing! P'r'aps the lady wouldn't mind taking it off, if you asked her?"

Father—"Ah! (touching the owner of the hat on the shoulder.) Excuse me, mum, but might I take the liberty of asking you to kindly remove your 'at?" (The owner of the hat deigns no reply.)

Father (more insistently)—"Would you 'ave any objection to oblige me by taking off your 'at, mum? (Same result.) I don't know if you 'eard me, mum, but I've asked you twice, civil enough, to take that

## THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT

'at of yours off. I'm playin' 'ide-and-seek be'ind it 'ere!" (No answer.)

Mother—"People didn't ought to be allowed in the Pit with sech 'ats! Callin' 'erself a lady, and settin' there in a great 'at and feathers like a 'ighlander's, and never answering no more nor a stuffed himage!"

Father (to the husband of the owner of the hat)—  
"Will you tell your good lady to take her 'at off, sir, please?"

The Owner of the Hat (to her husband)—"Don't you do nothing of the sort, Sam, or you'll 'ear of it!"

Mother—"Some people are perlite, I must say. Parties might be'ave as ladies when they come in the Pit! It's a pity her 'usband can't teach her better manners!"

Father—" 'Im teach her! 'E knows better. 'E's got a Tartar there, 'e 'as!"

The Owner of the Hat—"Sam, are you going to set by and hear me insulted like this?"

Her Husband (turning round tremulously)—"I-I'll trouble you to drop making these personal allusions to my wife's 'at, sir. It's puffickly impossible to listen to what's going on on the stage, with all these remarks be'ind!"

Father—"Not more nor it is to see what's going on on the stage with that 'at in front! I paid 'arf-a-crown to see the Pantermime, I did; not to 'ave a view of your wife's 'at!... 'ere, Maria, blowed if I can stand this 'ere game any longer.

## THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT

Jimmy must change places again, and if he can't see, he must stand up on the seat, that's all!" (Jimmy goes back and mounts upon the seat.)

A Pit-ite Behind Jimmy (touching Jimmy's father with an umbrella)—"Will you tell your little boy to set down, please, and not to block the view like this?"

Father—"If you can indooce that lady to take off her 'at, I will, but not before. Stay where you are, Jimmy."

The Pit-ite Behind—"Well, I must stand myself then, that's all. I mean to see somehow!" (He rises.)

People Behind (sternly)—"Set down there, will yer?"

Jimmy—"Father, the man behind is a-pinching of my legs!"

Father—"Will you stop pinching my little boy's legs. He ain't doing you no 'arm, is he?"

The Pinching Pit-ite—"Let him sit down, then!"

Father—"Let the lady take her 'at off!"

Murmurs Behind—"Order there! Sit down! Put that boy down! Take off that 'at! Silence in front there! Turn 'em out! Shame!"...

The Husband of the Owner of the Hat (in a whisper to his wife)—"Take off the blessed 'at, and 'ave done with it, do!"

The Owner of the Hat—"What, now? I'd sooner die in the 'at!" (An attendant is called.)

## THE OBSTRUCTIVE HAT

Attendant—"Order, there, gentlemen, please, unless you want to get turned out! No standing allowed on the seats; you're disturbing the performance 'ere, you know!" (Jimmy is made to sit down, and weeps silently; the hubbub subsides, and the Owner of the Hat triumphs.)

Mother—"Never mind, my boy, you shall have mother's seat in a minute. I dessay, if all was known, the lady 'as reasons for keeping her 'at on, pore thing!"

Father—"Ah, I never thought o' that. So she may. Very likely her 'at won't come off—not without her 'air!"

Mother—"Ah, well, then we mus'nt be 'ard on her."

The Owner of the Hat (removing the obstruction)—"I 'ope you're satisfied now, I'm sure?"

Father (handsomely)—"Better late nor never, mum, and we take it kind of you. Tho' why you shouldn't ha' done it at fust, I dunno; for you look a deal 'ansomer without the 'at than what you did in it—don't she Maria?"

The Owner of the Hat (mollified)—"Sam, ask the gentleman behind if his boy would like a ginger-nut." (This olive-branch is accepted; compliments pass; cordiality is restored, and the pantomime then proceeds without any further disturbance in the audience.)

—F. ANSTEY.

## A Sprig o' Heather

'TIS just a wee bit o' heather  
That cam' across the sea,  
But oh! ye dunna ken hoo dear  
That heather is tae me!

It makes me think o' hameland,  
The land where I was born,  
The land wherein ma mither bides,  
Sae lonely an' forlorn.

Oh! precious is that heather,  
It stirs ma Scottish blood,  
And makes me think o' childhood's years  
And memories once guid.

It brings tae mind familiar scenes  
Of Scottish hills and dells,  
Of Scottish hames an' Scottish hearths,  
An' Scottish sweet blue-bells.

It makes me think o' kilted lads  
Wha fecht tae set men free,  
Wha gang forth at the pibroch's ca'  
Tae conquer or tae dee.

'Tis just a wee bit heather,  
Frae far across the sea,

## A SPRIG O' HEATHER

It warms ma hert wi' Scottish pride,  
Brings tear-drops tae ma e'e.

'Twas grown amang the upland slopes  
O' Scotland's grand old hills,  
A token frae the frien's at hame  
O' love and pure guid will.

An' just as long as heather grows  
An' auld Scotch songs are heard,  
Scotch folk will meet to honor  
Auld Scotia and her Bard.

—ANON



## How to be Happy Though Married

**J**OSEPHUS Innbadd had come home from his daily toil to his Bronx flat in a mood that was not the best. He had been reading on the elevated train, the story of Miss Fannie Hurst's wedding five years ago, and of her views on being happy though married.

"Have you read about Miss Hurst?" he asked Mrs. Innbadd, who was busily engaged frying fish in a cloud of smoke.

"Miss whose?" asked Mrs. Innbadd.

"Not Miss Hoose," exclaimed Innbadd. "Miss Hurst, the lady what writes for all the magazines."

"Hearst?" asked Mrs. Innbadd. "Oh, William Randolph."

"Naw!" snapped Innbadd; "this is a lady. She spells her name like the last four letters in thirst."

"What's she done?"

"She's been married five years," returned Innbadd.

"The poor fool!" exclaimed Mrs. Innbadd. "But what's the big news in that? Has she been divorced or sumpin'?"

"She kept it a secret five years and didn't tell nobody until to-day," explained Innbadd.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY

"What was the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Innbadd.

"Nothin' was the matter with him, stoopid," said Innbadd. "It wasn't that she was ashamed of him or anything. Read the paper. She has some original ideas about marriage and the idea was to keep it a secret for five years so they could find out if they loved each other."

"Five years," mused Mrs. Innbadd. "If I had kept my marriage to you a secret from my relatives and friends five years I never would have admitted the big mistake at all."

"If I'd had my way I'd have kept our marriage a secret from everybody fifty-five years, including myself," snapped Innbadd.

Mrs. Innbadd turned over the fish again. Innbadd drew up a chair to the window overlooking the elevated and perused the paper again.

"She's got some good ideas," he resumed. "She says most of the trouble with marriage is that couples see too much of each other."

"She said a mouthful," returned Mrs. Innbadd. "When did a crack like that become news to you? I've had that opinion for years."

"She and her husband live apart," continued Innbadd, ignoring the slam. "When he wants to see her he calls her on the telephone and when she wants to see him she does the same."

## HOW TO BE HAPPY

"If they depend on the telephone service they probably haven't seen each other in five years," said Mrs. Innbadd. "Maybe she's been all this time trying to get central to put him on the wire so she could verify the report she had married him."

"Well, it's no bum joke I'm telling you of," argued Innbadd. "Miss Hurst has her apartment and her husband has his. Listen to what she says here: 'Too often marriage wears off like a piece of high sheen damask and in a few months becomes as a breakfast cloth with soft-boiled egg stains.'"

"She's talkin' of swell marriages between the rich," returned Mrs. Innbadd, giving the fish another turn. "Poor people like you and me never are bothered by egg stains on our romances. If she said soup or fish, I would understand her language. And what's the difference between a soft-boiled egg stain and a hard boiled one. Egg stains is egg stains."

"Listen to this," continued Innbadd, reading from the newspaper views of Miss Hurst, "Two breakfasts together a week are enough, and——."

"Two a week are too many," blurted Mrs. Innbadd. "Say, if you're being fed too often around here, you can go down to the quick lunch room any time you feel like it. Believe me, looking into your face don't aid my digestion any."

"Listen. She says that married people stick together too much. She says marriage should not interfere with what one or the other wants to do, and

## HOW TO BE HAPPY

that, like prohibition, it shouldn't interfere with personal liberties. If she wants to go any place she goes. The same with him."

"I suppose all this line of talk leads up to the fact that you want to go down to Monahan's saloon tonight and see if the wood alcohol is improving," said Mrs. Innbadd, putting the fish on a cracked platter. "Well, now, listen to me while your hearing is still normal. I dunno nothin' about Fannie Hurst. I married you about twenty-five years ago, and I told everybody about it the same day. It was an awful mistake, but under the rules in this house you live here, pay the rent, and come home regularly. I haven't had to use the telephone to see if I'm having dinner with you or not so far, and I ain't gonter start now. We'll continue to have breakfast together seven days a week, the more's the pity. I don't like the idea any more than you, but it's according to Hoyle. And when you want to go out nights you're still going to ask me about it. Now, let's have supper."

Mr. Innbadd blinked.

"Here's a pretty last word in her article," he said. "'After a five-year acid test, the dust is still on the butterfly wings of our adventure. The dew is on the rose,' Ain't that pretty?"

"Here's your fish," snapped Mrs. Innbadd, who was not very long on sentiment. "And there ain't any dust on it either. And say, why didn't you tell me in the first place that Fannie married a florist?"

## De Higha Culchar

**Y**ASSUM! My Ma'y Jane done come home, an' she's des plumb ruint!

Her haid is dat full o' bombosity, an' pomposity an' supercilliosity, dat dey ain' no livin' in de house wid her.

I done tol' my ol' man, Ike—dat's Ma'y Jane's daddy—des how 'twas gwine ter be, all de time; but he was so sot on da' gal he was des 'bleeged ter send her off ter git edicated, an' so he sont her off norf yander ter one o' dem schools yer calls cemete'ies; an' now she's come home des plumb ruint! Miss Sally, da' nigger goes aroun' wid her nose stuck up in de air, er sightin' dem telephone poles, an' er pintedly overlookin' her ol' mammy er bendin' over de wash-tub.

Hit sholy do rile me!

You know, Miss Sally, I'se been wuckin' mighty hard all dese years; an' I been layin' out ter take er res' an' let up on things w'en M'ay Jane come home. But, bless yo' life, da' nigger up an' say she ain' got no idee er cookin' an' washin'! "I got de Higher Culchar!" she say, er givin' her haid er toss in de air.

"You is!" I say, er grabbin' up de baby an' er re'-



## DE HIGHA CULCHAR

chin' down de camphire bottle, kaze da' child ain' never been vaccinated, an' I didn' want her ter ketch nothin'. "W'y didn' you tell me befo', you was 'flicted? Whar did yer git it? Is it ketchin'?"

(Chuckles.) But ef you b'lieve me, Miss Sally, da' culchar ain' no mis'ry! Hit's des some'n dey gits up at dat cemete'y! Dey all of 'em gits it!

Mo'n dat, Miss Sally, all de time dat gal was away I been er wuckin', an' er inchin', an' er pinchin', an' er scrinchin' ter lay up money ter pay fer da' melojum. Ain' I never tol' you 'bout da' melojum? De good Lawd! Huccome I fergit tellin' you 'bout dat? Yassum, we buyed one o' dem things; yer see, Honey, 'twas dis away; one day I was er settin' in de cabin do', des es ca'm an' satisfied, an' not lookin' fer no trouble nowhar, w'en 'long drives one er dem agentmen, wid som'n in er waggin da' looked lak er cross 'tween er bureau an' er piany, an' he say, "Lady, don' you want ter buy er melojum?"

"Fer de love er Mose," I say, "w'at I want wid one o' dem things?"

"Yer kin perform on it," say de man.

"Naw, sir, de onlies instrument dis ol' nigger kin perform on is de fryin' pan an' de skillet!"

I 'spon's fer I was hot; but des den Ike come 'round from behind de cabin an' tuck er han' in de talk. "Ike," I say, "don' you be fool 'nough ter buy da' contrapshun!"



## DE HIGHA CULCHAR

But you know w'at men folks is, Miss Sally,—w'ite or black, dey's all erlike—w'en hit comes ter foolishness dey's powerful gifted, an' Ike bein' er nigger he'd buy anything in dis worl' er de nex' ef you'd give him er little time ter pay fer it. You c'd sell Ike a fur overcoat ter wear in torment ef you'd give him twell Chris'mas ter pay fer it. So, de furs' news I git, dey done unload da' thing an' sot it up in de house; an' ever sence dat Ma'y Jane been er performin' on de melojum, an' I been performin' on de washtub ter pay fer it.

Miss Sally, is you ever buy anything on de 'stallment plan? Ef yer ain', don' yer never do no sich, kaze, good Lawd! how de time kin scoot! Dem pay-days laps over each 'urr lak shingles on de roof!

Miss Sally, 'Lan' sakes, furs' an' las', I'se done paid out mo' dan fo' million dollars fer da' melojum!

An' den erg'in, Miss Sally, w'en de furs' Sunday mornin' roll 'round, I tuck'n notice da' dat gal wa'nt gittin' her ha'r unwrop fer ter git ready fer ter go ter chu'ch; an' I say, "Ma'y Jane, ain' yer gwine ter chu'ch, chile?" An' she say, "No'm, I done outgrewed all er dat up at da' cemete'y."

Well, sir, I was so pluralized I couldn' say nothin', Da' gal sholy did 'spressify herse'f mos' ongordly! She say da' she don' 'blieve in de Bible ner nothin',

I knowed all de time da' thing was gwine ter make er scandalizement in de fam'ly, an' me bein' de presi-

## DE HIGHA CULCHAR

dent o' de "Daughters of Zion," w'at sets in de front pew at de fune'als, an' rides wid de mo'ners in de ca'iages!

So, gwine 'long ter chu'ch, I meet da' biggity 'Mandy Jones er comin' down de lane, an' she up an' say,

"Sis' Dinah, I'se powerful so'y ter hear da' Ma'y Jane done backslided an' slid f'um grace!"

An I say, "Dere ain, nuthin' 'tall de matter wid Ma'y Jane, 'cep'n' she's done git de culchar up at da' ceme-te'y."

An' da nigger say, "Humph-um! She is? De han' o' de Lawd suttin'ly is laid heavy on you, Sis' Dinah, but you'd better take my pervice an' go home an' poultice hit 'fo' hit gits any wuss, kaze I 'spec's hit's only skin-deep now."

"I lay I kin 'tend ter Ma'y Jane," I say, an' she went her way.

W'en I got home f'um chu'ch I sorter coax Ma'y Jane out in de woodshed; "Ma'y Jane, oh! Ma'y Jane!" I say, "come out hyar ter yo' mammy!" An' w'en I seed her er comin' I retch down da' ol' trunk strop, w'at's been er seasonin' up dar fer fo' years, an' I say,

"Ma'y Jane, w'at's dat you done git up at da' ceme-te'y?"

"De Higher Culchar," she say.

"You is!" I say. "Come hyar ter me!" an' I fetch her a swipe er da' trunk strop.

## DE HIGHA CULCHAR

"Does yer b'lieve de Bible now?" (*Strap*)

"Yassum!"

"Does yer b'lieve hit f'um led ter led?" (*Strap*)

"Yassum, I b'lieves hit all!"

"An' yer ain' got no doubt'n in yo' min' 'bout Jonah er swallowin' da' whale?" (*Strap*)

"No'm, Mammy, no'm, dat I ain't!" An' I let her go at dat, kaze I knowed I done downed de culchar an' nipped de onbelief in de bud.

Dat was dis mawnin', an' w'en I come down de road Ma'y Jane was er hangin' out de close in de backyard, an' er singin' so's you c'd hear her all over de place,

"Baptis', Baptis' is my name!

I'se gwine ter live an' die de same!"

An' I ain' 'spectin' ter have no mo' trouble 'bout Ma'y Jane's 'ligion. (Chuckles.)

An' mo'n dat, Miss Sally, ef yer give dis 'ol nigger er good trunk strop an' er plenty er elbow-room, I kin do mo' convertin' o' sinners f'um de errors o' deir ways in six minutes dan de Salvationers kin in six mont's! Yer hyear me!

—DOROTHY DIX.

## McGrath's Bad Night

“COME, then, childer,” said Mrs. McGrath, and took the big iron pot off. They crowded around her, nine of them, the eldest not more than thirteen, the youngest just big enough to hold out his yellow crockery bowl.

“The youngest first,” remarked Mrs. McGrath, and ladled out a portion of the boiled corn-meal to each of the deplorable boys and girls. Before they reached the stools from which they had sprung up, or squatted again on the rough floor, they all burned their mouths in tasting the mush too eagerly.

Then, gobble-de-gobble-de-gobble, it was all gone! Though they had neither sugar, nor milk, nor butter to it, they found it a remarkably excellent sample of mush, and wished only that, in quantity, it had been something more.

Peter McGrath sat close beside the cooking-stove, holding Number Ten, a girl-baby, who was asleep, and rocking Number Eleven, who was trying to wake up, in the low, unpainted cradle. He never took his eyes off Number Eleven; he could not bear to look around and see the nine devouring the corn-meal so hungrily.

He was ashamed, every time he rose up, so tall and strong, with nothing to do, and eleven children and

## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

his wife next door to starvation; but if he had been asked to describe his feelings, he would merely have growled out angrily something against old John Pontiac.

"You'll take your sup now, Peter?" asked Mrs. McGrath, offering him the biggest of the yellow bowls. He looked up then, first at her forlorn face, then at the pot.

"Yourself had better eat, Mary Ann," he said. "I'll be having mine after it's cooler."

Mrs. McGrath dipped more than a third of the bowlful back into the pot, and ate the rest with much satisfaction. The numerals watched her anxiously but resignedly.

"Sure it'll be cold entirely, Peter dear," she said, "and the warmth is so comforting. Give me little Norah now, the darlint! and be after eating your supper."

She had ladled out the last spoonful of mush. Peter took the bowl, and looked at his children.

The earlier numbers were observing him with peculiar sympathy, putting themselves in his place, at it were, possessing the bowl in imagination; the others now moved their spoons absent-mindedly around in the pot, brought them empty to their mouths, mechanically, now and again, sucked them more or less, and still stared steadily at their father.

His inner walls felt glued together, yet indescrib-



## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

ably hollow; the smell of the mush went up into his nostrils, and pungently provoked his palate and throat. He was famishing.

"Troth, then, Mary Ann," he said, "there's no hunger in me to-night. Sure, I wish the childer wouldn't leave me the trouble of eating it. Come, then, all of ye!"

The nine came promptly to his call. There were just twenty-two large spoonfuls in the bowl; each child received two; the remaining four went to the four youngest. Then the bowl was skilfully scraped by Number Nine, after which Number Seven took it, whirled a cup of water artfully round its interior, and with this put a fine finish on his meal.

Peter McGrath then searched thoughtfully in his trousers' pockets, turning their corners up, getting pinches of tobacco dust out of their remotest recesses. Then he put the collection into an extremely old black clay pipe, lifted a coal in with his fingers, and took his supper.

It would be absurd to assert that, on this continent, a strong man could be so poor as Peter, unless he had done something very wrong or very foolish. Peter McGrath was, in truth, out of work because he had committed an outrage on economics. He had been guilty of the enormous error of misunderstanding, and trying to set at naught in his own person, the immutable law of supply and demand.



## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

Fancying that a first-class hewer in a timber shanty had an inalienable right to receive at least thirty dollars a month, when the demand was only strong enough to yield him twenty-two, Peter had refused to engage at the beginning of the winter.

"Now, Mr. McGrath, you're making a mistake," said his usual employer, old John Pontiac. "I'm offering you the best wages going, mind that. There's mighty little squared timber coming out this winter."

"I'm ready and willing to work, boss, but I'm fit to arn thirty dollars, surely."

"So you are, so you are, in good times, neighbor, and I'd be glad if men's wages were forty. That could only be with trade active, and a fine season for all of us; but I couldn't take out a raft this winter, and pay what you ask."

"I'd work extra hard. I'm not afeard of work."

"Not you, Peter. There never was a lazy bone in your body. Don't I know that well? But look, now: if I was to pay you thirty, I should have to pay all the other hewers thirty; and that's not all. Scorers and teamsters and road-cutters are used to getting wages in proportion to hewers. Why, it would cost me a thousand dollars a month to give you thirty! Go along, now, that's a good fellow, and tell your wife that you've hired with me."

But Peter did not go back. "I'm bound to have my rights, so I am," he said sulkily to Mary Ann when

## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

he reached the cabin. "The old boss is getting too hard like, and set on money. Twenty-two dollars! No! I'll go in to Stambrook and hire."

Mary Ann knew that she might as well try to convince a saw-log that its proper course was up-stream, as to protest against Peter's obstinacy. Moreover, she did think the offered wages very low, and had some hope he might better himself; but when he came back from Stambrook, she saw trouble ahead. He did not tell her that there, where his merits were not known, he had been offered only twenty dollars, but she surmised his disappointment.

But she said timidly, "You'd better be after seeing the boss again, maybe, Peter dear."

"Not a step," he answered. "The boss'll be after me in a few days, you'll see." But there he was mistaken, for all the gangs were full.

After that Peter McGrath tramped far and wide, to many a backwoods hamlet, looking vainly for a job at any wages. His conscience accused him every hour, but he was too stubborn to go back to John Pontiac.

When his wife took Number Eleven's cradle into the other room, she heard him groan so low that he did not know he groaned, when he lifted off the cover of the meal barrel, and could feel nothing whatever therein. She had actually beaten the meal out of the cracks to make that last pot of mush. He knew that all the fish he had salted down in the summer were

## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

gone, that the flour was all out, that the last morsel of the pig had been eaten up long ago; but he went to each of the barrels as though he could not realize that there was really nothing left. There were four of those low groans.

"O God, help him! do help him! please do!" she kept saying to herself. Somehow, all her sufferings and the children's were light to her, in comparison, as she listened to that big, taciturn man groan, and him sore with the hunger.

When at last she came out, Peter was not there. He had gone out silently. Peter gazed on the river for a long while, then looked up at the moon. The moon was certainly mocking him. He had never known old John Pontiac to jeer any one, but there was his face in that moon,—Peter made it out quite clearly. He looked up the road to where he could see, on the hill half a mile distant, the shimmer of John Pontiac's big tin-roofed house. He thought he could make out the outlines of all the buildings,—he knew them so well,—the big barn, the stable, the smoke-house, the store-house for shanty supplies.

Pork barrels, flour barrels, herring kegs, syrup kegs, sides of frozen beef, hams and flitches of bacon, bags of beans, chests of tea,—he had a vision of them all! Teamsters going off to the woods daily with provisions, the supply apparently inexhaustible.

And John Pontiac had refused to pay him fair wages!

## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

Peter, in exasperation shook his big fist at the moon. He looked again up the hill, through the walls of the store-house. He was dreadfully hungry.

"John! John!" Mrs. Pontiac jogged her husband. "John wake up! there's somebody trying to get into the smoke-house."

"Eh-ugh-ah! I'm 'sleep-ugh." He relapsed again.

"John! John! wake up! There is somebody!"

"What-ugh-eh-what you say?"

"There's somebody getting into the smoke-house."

"Well, there's not much there."

"There's ever so much bacon and ham. Then there's the store-house open!"

"Oh, I guess there's nobody."

"But there is, I'm sure. You must get up!"

Old John Pontiac was one of the kindest souls that ever inhabited a body, but this was a little too much. Still he was sorry for the man, no matter who, in that smoke-house,—some Indian probably. He must be caught and dealt with firmly; but he did not want the man to be too much hurt.

He put on his clothes and sallied forth. When he reached the smoke-house, there was no one in it; there was a gap, though, where two long flitches of bacon had been!

He went to the store-house, the door of which was open too. He looked in, then stopped, and started

## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

back as if in horror. Two flitches of bacon tied together with a rope were on the floor, and inside was a man filling a bag with flour from a barrel.

"Well, well! this is a terrible thing," said old John Pontiac to himself, shrinking around a corner. "Peter McGrath! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

He became hot all over, as if he had done something disgraceful himself. There was nobody that he respected more than that pig-headed Peter. What to do? He must punish him of course; but how? Jail—for him with eleven children! "Oh, my! oh, my!" Old John wished he had not been awakened to see this terrible downfall.

"It will never do to let him go off with it," he said to himself after a little reflection. "I'll put him so that he'll know better another time."

Peter McGrath, as he entered the store-house, had felt that bacon heavier than the heaviest end of the biggest stick of timber he had ever helped to cant. He felt guilty, sneaking, disgraced; he felt that the literal Devil had first tempted him near the house, then all suddenly—with his own hunger pangs and thoughts of his starving family—swept him into the smoke-house to steal. But he had consented to do it; he had said he would take flour too, and he would, he was so obstinate! And withal, he hated old John Pontiac worse than ever.

Then all of a sudden he met the face of Pontiac looking in at the door.



## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

Peter sprang back; he saw Stambrook jail—he saw his eleven children and his wife disgraced—he felt himself a detected felon, and that was worst of all.

“Well, Peter, you’d ought to have come right in,” were the words that came to his ears, in John Pontiac’s heartiest voice. “The Missis would have been glad to see you. We did go to bed a bit early, but there wouldn’t have been any harm in an old neighbor like you waking us up. Not a word of that—hold on! listen to me. It would be a pity if old friends like you and me, Peter, couldn’t help one another to a trifling loan of provisions without making a fuss over it.” And old John, taking up the scoop, went on filling the bag as if that were a matter of course.

Peter did not speak; he could not.

“I was going round to your place to-morrow,” resumed John, cheerfully, “to see if I couldn’t hire you again. There’s a job of hewing for you in the Coulonge shanty,—a man gone off sick. But I can’t give more’n twenty-two, or say twenty-three, seeing you’re an old neighbor. What do you say?”

Peter still said nothing; he was choking.

“You had better have a bit of something more than bacon and flour, Peter,” he went on, “and I’ll give you a hand to carry the truck home. I guess your wife won’t mind seeing me with you; then she’ll know that you’ve taken a job with me again, you see. Come along and give me a hand to hitch the mare up. I’ll drive you down.”



## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

"Ah-ah-Boss-Boss!" spoke Peter then, with terrible gasps between. "Boss—O my God, Mr. Pontiac—I can't never look you in the face again!"

"Peter McGrath—old neighbor,"—and John Pontiac laid his hand on the shaking shoulder,—“I guess I know all about it; I guess I do. Sometimes a man is driven he don't know how. Now we will say no more about it. I'll load up, and you come right along with me. And mind, I'll do the talking to your wife.”

Mary Ann McGrath was in a terrible frame of mind. What had become of Peter?

She had gone out to look down the road, and had been recalled by Number Eleven's crying, but all bounced up suddenly at the sound of a grand jangle of bells.

Could it be? Mr. Pontiac they had no doubt about; but was that real bacon that he laid on the kitchen table? Then a side of beef, a can of tea, next a bag of flour, and again an actual keg of sirup. Why, this was almost incredible! And, last, he came in with an immense round loaf of bread! The children gathered about it; old John almost sickened with sorrow for them, and hurrying out his jackknife, passed big hunks around.

"Well, now, Mrs. McGrath," he said during these operations, "I don't hardly take it kindly of you and Peter not to have come up to an old neighbor's house before this for a bit of a loan. It's well I met Peter

## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

to-night. Maybe he'd never have told me your troubles—not but what I blame myself for not suspecting how it was a bit sooner. I just made him take a little loan for the present. No, no; don't be talking like that! Charity! tut! tut! it's just an advance of wages. I've got a job for Peter; he'll be on pay to-morrow again."

At that Mary Ann burst out crying again. "Oh, God bless you, Mr. Pontiac! it's a kind man you are! May the saints be about your bed!"

With that she ran out to Peter, who still stood by the sleigh; she put the baby in his arms, and clinging to her husband's shoulder, cried more and more.

And what did obstinate Peter McGrath do? Why, he cried, too, with gasps and groans that seemed almost to kill him.

"Go in," he said; "go in, Mary Ann—go in—and kiss—the feet of him. Yes—and the boards—he stands on. You don't know what he's done—for me. It's broke I am—the bad heart of me—broke entirely—with the goodness of him. May the heavens be his bed!"

"Now, Mrs. McGrath," cried old John, "never you mind Peter; he's a bit lightheaded to-night. Come away in and get a bite for him. I'd like a dish of tea myself before I go home." Didn't that touch on her Irish hospitality bring her in quickly!

"Mind you this, Peter," said the old man, going out then, "don't you be troubling your wife with any

## McGRATH'S BAD NIGHT

little secrets about to-night; that's between you and me. That's all I ask of you."

Thus it comes about that to this day, when Peter McGrath's fifteen children have helped him to become a very prosperous farmer, his wife does not quite understand the depth of worship with which he speaks of old John Pontiac.

—E. W. THOMSON.

# My Sister's Wedding

*(The small brother speaks.)*

OUR Doris ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says that knows her. She's been engaged to Mister Martin for three years an' I've been wantin' them to get married for ever so long—so I could go and live with them. An' when I think that if it hadn't a been for a mistake I made, they might a' been married last week, I find it awful hard to be resigned. But then you ought always to be resigned to everything—when you can't help it.

Before I go any further, I must tell you about my printing press. It belonged to Tommy Davis an' he got tired of it, an' sold it to me real cheap. He wanted to exchange it for a bicycle an' a St. Bernard dog, an' twelve good books, but he finally let me have it for one dollar an' fifty cents—real cheap!

It prints beautifully an' I've printed cards for ever so many people an' made three dollars an' twenty cents already!

—But what was I talkin' about? Oh, yes. The wedding.

Well, Doris was determined to be married in Church an' have six bridesmaids an' six bridegrooms an' flowers an' music an' invitations an' everything.

## MY SISTER'S WEDDING

Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden an' the seven McFadden girls, but Doris said she couldn't "bear to have the whole McFadden tribe" an' everybody agreed that absent-minded old Wilkison that came to one of our parties with one boot an' one slipper on, that he shouldn't be invited. But it was decided that everyone else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation. They counted them up, an' there were three hundred of them!

Now, you'd hardly believe it, but they made up their minds that I was going to lick those three hundred envelopes an' deliver all those invitations, myself.

Now you know, a boy that has as many studies to attend to as I have, hasn't time to waste on such trifles, so I hit on a plan of saving father the expense of those invitations, and saving me time in delivering them.

I sent to the City an' got some beautiful new type, more'n an inch high, an' I printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. They were perfectly gorgeous, you could read them several rods off. This is what I said on them:

"Miss Doris Main announces that she will marry Mr. Charles Martin on Wednesday evening, in the Church, at 8 o'clock sharp. All the friends of the family, with the exception of the McFadden tribe an' old Wilkison are invited.

P.S. Please come early an' bring lots of presents." Now what was there to find fault with in that?



## MY SISTER'S WEDDING

Then I went out after dark an' pasted them in the best places all over the village.

Next morning father came in looking very angry an' carrying one of the weddin'-bills in his hand.

"What does this mean?" he shouted. "These bills are pasted all over the place an' crowds of people are out reading them."

As soon as Doris saw the bill she gave an awful shriek an' fainted away—an' I hurried up to the post-office to see if the mail had come in.

I don't see what there was to make such a fuss about? They were printed beautifully an' every word was spelled right, except the name of the Church—an' I left that out because I didn't know how to spell it.

But Doris was as mad as if I had done something real bad, an' Mr. Martin was angry too, an' it's the first time he ever was mad with me. I'm afraid they won't ever let me go an' live with them now. They haven't said a word about it since the weddin' bills were put up. An' Doris says, she'll go to New York an' be married. She would die if she were to have a wedding here now, after that boy's dreadful conduct.

Yah! So the weddin's put off an' all because I printed the weddin' bills without first askin' how they would like to have them printed. Wouldn't that jar you!

—ALDEN.



## Opera in the West

“WELL, sir,” said a Denver man, growing enthusiastic, “I’ve had a heap of fun in this town since I came here, but nothing has warmed me up like the opera. Theatres is all very well, but the shooting and cutting ain’t natural. They don’t mean it. You can see from the start that it’s all funny business; but the opera now—there’s where you get it! There’s trade from the time they haul the goods down till they put up the shutters. It reminds me of home, that does.”

“What opera did you hear?” asked a bystander.

“The one they sing in; but you bet the music didn’t get the best of the crowd, for dust. I tell you, gentlemen, it was the prettiest fight you ever looked at. Exciting? Well, I just held myself down to bed-rock and watched that show to the finish. Once or twice, I thought they’d drown the actors, and between the rounds, while the music was getting a little breathed, I felt scared; but just as soon as they scratched, I knowed the men and women was ahead, and I helped all I could, you bet!”

“How was it?” asked one of the mystified group.  
“Tell us about it.”

“It’s just here; they had a lot of fiddles and horns,

## OPERA IN THE WEST

and drums and squeakers on one side, and a gang of men and women on the other. In the toss-up, the actors got the rising ground, and the music took the low level. The backer of the music was there with a stick, and when time was called, he was quick enough to get a start for his side. But one of the women was onto his racket, and she just turned loose a belch that twisted hair—now you hear me! The music backer got mad, and the fiddlers broke out, but it was no use; the woman had the wind, and she belted that slow music like a mule. You bet she was a good one! Then the backer hollered at the boss drummer, and he took a lick. That seemed to worry the woman, for she spoke to a fat fellow, with a wen on his leg, and he slid for the drummer, while the dame took another whirl at the fiddlers. Fun? Well, strangers, you can smile right out. The music backer seen he was getting the worst of it, and so he unchained the back fiddler. It wasn't fair, and I was going to address the referee, but just then out popped the dog-gonedest crowd you ever seen. More'n a million of 'em! They went right into business. The fellows with the horns almost split the backs of their necks, but it was no use. The women screeched, and the men howled, and I says, says I, 'How are you, music?' The back fiddler and the drummer held out the longest; but it was no use, for the crowd on the platform won the round, and even drove the music out of the ring. You ought to see

## OPERA IN THE WEST

them fiddlers. Yes, sir! you can talk what you please, but when it comes to genuine fun, give me the opera. Strangers, will you come around the corner and join me in the doxology?"

## On the Rappahannock

THE sun had set, and in the distant west  
The last red streaks had faded; night and rest  
Fell on the earth; stilled was the cannon's roar;  
And many a soldier slept—to wake no more.  
'Twas early spring—a calm and lovely night—  
The moon had flooded all the earth with light.  
On either side the Rappahannock, lay  
The armies, resting till the break of day  
Should call them to renew the fight. So near  
Together were the camps that each could hear  
The other's sentry call. And now appear  
The blazing bivouac fires on every hill,  
And save the tramp of pickets—all is still.  
Between those silent hills, in beauty flows  
The Rappahannock. How its bosom glows:  
How all its sparkling waves reflect the light  
And add new glories to the star-lit night:

*(Music; "Star Spangled Banner")*

But hark; from Northern hill there steal along  
The strains of martial music mixed with song—  
"Star Spangled Banner, may'st thou ever wave  
Over the land we shed our blood to save."  
And still they sing those words: "Our cause is just;—

## ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK

We'll triumph in the end—In God we trust ;—  
Star Spangled Banner, wave, forever wave,  
Over a land united, free and brave."

*(End music)*

Scarce had this died away, when all along  
The river rose another glorious song ;  
A thousand lusty throats the chorus sing ;

*(Music, "Rally Round the Flag")*

With "Rally Round the Flag" the hill-tops ring.  
And well they sang. Each heart was filled with joy,  
From first in rank, to little drummer-boy.

Then loud huzzas and wildest cheers were given,  
That seemed to cleave the air and reach to heaven.

The union songs, the loud and heart-felt cheers  
Fall in the Southern camp on listening ears.

While talking at their scanty evening meal,  
They pause and grasp their trusty blades of steel.

Fearless they stand, and ready for the fray.

Such sounds can startle them, but not dismay.

Alas! those strains of music which of yore  
Could rouse their hearts, are felt by them no more.

When the last echo of the song had died

And all was silent on the Northern side

There came from Southern hill, with gentle swell,

*(Play "Dixie")*

The air of "Dixie" which was loved so well  
By every man that wore the coat of gray,  
And is revered and cherished to this day.

## ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK

In "Dixie's land" they swore to live and die,  
That was their watchword, that their battle-cry.  
There rose on high the wild confederate yell,  
Resounding over every hill and dell.  
Cheer after cheer went up that starry night  
From men, as brave as ever saw the light.

(*End "Dixie"*)

Now all is still. Each side has played its part,  
How simple songs will fire a soldier's heart:  
But hark! O'er Rappahannock's stream there floats  
Another tune; but ah! how sweet the notes  
Not such as lash men's passions into foam,  
But—richest gem of song—'tis "Home, Sweet Home."

(*Play "Home, Sweet Home" to end*)

Played by the band, it reached the very soul,  
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear-drop stole.  
On either side the stream, from North and South,  
Men who would march up to the cannon's mouth  
Wept now like children. Tender hearts and true  
Were beating 'neath those coats of grey and blue.  
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,  
While back to home his thoughts unhindered run.  
He thought of loving wife and children there  
Deprived of husband's and of father's care.  
And stripling lads, scarce strong enough to bear  
The weight of sabre or of knapsack, tried  
To stop their tears with foolish, boyish pride—  
They might as well have sought to stop the tide.



## ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK

Through both those hostile camps the music stole  
And stirred each soldier to his inmost soul.

From North and South, in sympathy, there rose  
A shout tremendous; forgetting they were foes,  
Both armies joined and shouted with one voice  
That seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

Sweet music's power; one chord doth make us wild;  
But change the strain, we weep as little child;  
Touch yet another, men charge the battery-gun,  
And by those martial strains a victory's won;  
But there's one strain that friends and foes will win,  
One magic touch that makes the whole world kin;  
No heart so cold, but will, though far it roam,  
Respond with tender thrill to "Home, Sweet Home."

## The Lang Heided Laddie

**H**E'S a lang heided laddie that Sannock o' mine,  
An' some time or ither, that laddie maun shine.  
It needs nae auld spaewife, his fortunes tae ken.  
He'll be seen an' heard tell o' amang muckle men.  
Bairns are no noticed by big folk ye see,  
That belang tae a puir widdy woman like me;  
But he'll gar them notice ere many years go,  
An' listen tae him be they willin' or no,  
An' tae his decision, he'll mak' them a' boo  
He's a lang-heided laddie, oor Sannock I troo.

There's no an auld castle that towers on the steep,  
Or a field where oor auld fechtin' forefaithers sleep,  
Or a bonnie, wee burnie that wimples along,  
In the licht o' its gledness immortal in sang.  
There's no an auld Kirk where the grey owlets cry,  
Tae the deid congregations aroun' them that lie,  
There's no an auld abbey that sits in the rain,  
In widowed weeds crying o'er glory that's gane,  
But he kens mair aboot them than antiquars do,  
He's a lang-heided laddie, oor Sannock I troo.

Auld Birsie, a body that lives by his craft,  
Once hinted tae me that ma laddie was daft!  
I banged up and tauld him, that him nor his weans  
Wadna likely gang daft wi' the wecht o' their brains,

## THE LANG HEIDED LADDIE

Or their honesty either! I gied him ma mind  
An' the body can hardly look at me sin' syne,  
The spite o' the crater was easy seen thro,  
He's a lang-heided laddie oor Sannock I troo.

When but a wee totem, he'd sit by himsel',  
An spier at me questions aboot Heaven an' Hell!  
Tae him, twas a very great puzzle, he said  
Tae ken hoo this earth oot o' naething was made.  
Hoo three could be one an one could be three  
Was a thing he insisted that never could be.  
An' why we should suffer for auld Adam's fa'  
An' why that God e'er made a deevil ava'!  
I was fairly dumbfoonert an' puzzled tae learn  
Hoo sic' thochts could get into the heid o' a bairn,  
But I hae'na a doot they cam' intae his heid.  
Like the mumps, or the measles, or grew like a weed,  
That's soon rooted oot by the gardener o' grace,  
An' flooers a' the fairer spring up in their place,  
I cherish the hope, that ah'll yet live tae see  
Him waggin' his pow in a pulpit sae heigh,  
Nae doot, he's appointed some great work tae do,  
He's a lang-heided laddie, oor Sannock I troo.

—ALEX. McLACHLAN.

## A Novel Christmas Present

CRISMUS is over and the thing's done. You know I told you I was gwine to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk by Crismus. Well, I did it, slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein a serious undertakin'. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance.

The fact is, I'd made my mind up more'n twenty times, to jest go and come rite out with the whole business; but whenever I got whar she was, and whenever she looked at me with her witchin' eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot, so I couldn't think of it to save me. It's a mighty grate favour to ax of a rite pretty gall, and to people as aint used to it, it goes monstrous hard, don't it? They say widowers don't mind it no more'n nothin. But I'm makin' a transgression, as the preacher ses.

Crismus eve, I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin iron, and went over to old Miss Stallinses. As soon as I went into the parlor whar they was all settin' 'round the fire, Miss Carline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There, there," ses they, "I told you so, I knew it would be Joseph."

"What's I done, Miss Carline?" ses I.

## A NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

"You come under little sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she knew you was comin' when she put it over the door."

"No, I didn't—I didn't no such thing, now," ses Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," ses Miss Kesiah, "you b'long to Joseph now, jest as sure as ther's any charm in chicken bones."

I knew that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little creater looked so sorry and kep' blushin' so, I couldn't say nothin' zactly to the pint, so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that old bone now, Majer?" ses Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," ses I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gall in the world."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Aint you shamed, Majer?" ses she.

"Now you ought to give her a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life," sed Miss Carline.

"Ah," ses old Miss Stallins, "when I was a gall we used to hang up our stockin's—"

"Why, mother!" ses all of 'em, "to say stockin' rite afore—"

Then I felt a little streaked too, cause they was all blushin' as hard as they could.



## A NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

"Highly-tity!" ses the old lady—"what monstrous 'finement! I'd like to know what harm ther is in stockin's? People now-a-days is gittin' so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin' by its rite name, and I don't see as they's any better than the old-time people was. When I was a gall like you, child, I use to hang up my *stockin's* and git 'em full of presents."

The gals kep laughin'.

"Never mind," ses Miss Mary, "Majer's got to give me a Crismus gift—won't you, Majer?"

"Oh, yes," ses I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean that," ses she.

"I've got one for you, what I want you to keep all your life, but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," ses I.

"Oh, that's the kind!" ses she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" ses I.

"Certainly I will, Majer."

"Now you hear that, Miss Carline?" ses I. "She ses she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes, I will," ses Miss Mary—"but what is it?"

"Never mind," ses I, "you hang up a bag big enuff to hold it and you'll find out what it is, when you see it in the mornin'."

Miss Carline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her—then they both laughed and looked at me mischievous as they could. They 'spicioned something.



## A NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," ses Miss Mary.

"And you'll promise to keep it?"

"Well, I will, cause I know that you wouldn't give me nothin' that wasn't worth keepin'."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag in the back porch for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, and 'bout nine o'clock I told 'em good evenin' and went home.

I sot up till mid-night, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, shore enuff, was a grate big meal-bag hangin' to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was 'tarmined not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag; but jest as I was gittin in, the bag swung agin' the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he cum' rippin' and t'arin' through the yard like wrath, and round and round he went tryin' to find out what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breath louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow 'bominable cold, and the old bag kep' turnin' round and swinging so it made me—sea-sick as the mischief. I was 'fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I

## A NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

sot with my teeth rattlin' like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight. Bimeby the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. "Git out!" ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me. "Bow! wow! wow!" ses he. "Be gone! you 'bominable fool," ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I 'spected every minit he'd nip me. "Bow! wow! wow!" Then I tried coaxin'—"Come here, good feller," ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin' and barkin,' all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin', only by the chickens crowin' and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don' b'lieve I'd ever got out of that bag alive.

Old Miss Stallins come out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag, ses she,

"What upon yea'th has Joseph went and put in that bag for Mary? I'll lay its a yearlin' or some live animal, or Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the galls, and I sot thar, shiverin' all over so I couldn't hardly speak if I tried to but I didn't say nothin'. Bimeby they all come runnin' out.

"My land, what is it?" ses Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" ses Miss Keziah. "I saw it move."

"Call Cató, and make him cut the rope," ses Miss

## A NOVEL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Carline, "and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and git this bag down."

"D'-d-don't hurt it for the world," ses Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was round the j'ice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn-meal, from hed to foot.

"Goodness gracious!" ses Miss Mary, "if it ain't the Majer himself!"

"Yes," ses I, "and you know you've promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The gells laughed themselves almost to de'th, and went to brushin' off the meal as fast as they could, sayin' they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too. Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—she blushed as butiful as a morning glory, and sed she'd "stick to her word." I tell you what, it was worth hangin' in a meal-bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever since.

—CHAS. THOMPSON.

## Platonic

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be  
a maid,

For we both agreed in doubting whether matrimony  
paid.

Besides, I had my higher aims, for science filled my  
heart,

And she said her young affections were all wound up  
in Art.

So we laughed at those wise men who say that friend-  
ship cannot live

'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something  
else to give.

We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were  
man and man,

I'd be a second David and she Miss Jonathan.

We'd like each other, that was all, and quite enough  
to say;

So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of  
way.

We shared our sorrows and our joys, together hoped  
and feared,

With common purpose sought the goal which young  
ambition reared,

## PLATONIC

We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright  
days to come,

We were strictly confidential and called each other  
"chum."

And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills—  
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills,  
And rustic bridges and the like, which picture-makers  
prize

To run in with their waterfalls, and groves, and  
sunny skies.

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,  
We floated down the river or loafed beneath the trees,  
And talked in long gradation from the poet to the  
weather,

While the summer skies and my cigar burned slowly  
out together.

But through it all, no whispered word or tell-tale look  
or sigh

Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sym-  
pathy.

We talked of love, as coldly as we talked of nebulae,  
And thought no more of being one, than we did of  
being three.

"Well, good-by, old fellow." I took her hand, for the  
time had come to go.

My going meant our parting, when to meet we did  
not know.

## PLATONIC

I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very  
heavy heart,  
For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard  
for friends to part,  
"Well, good-by, old fellow; don't forget your friends  
across the sea,  
And some day, when you've lots of time, just drop a  
line to me."  
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just  
behind  
Rose upward with a story of quite a different kind;  
And then she raised her eyes to mine, great liquid  
eyes of blue,  
Full to the brim, and running o'er, like violet cups  
with dew;  
One long, long look, and then I did what I never did  
before—  
Perhaps the tear meant friendship, but I think the  
kiss meant more.



## Watchin' the Sparkin'.

SAY Jim, do ye wanta see some fun?  
Jemina's sparkin' just begun.  
Git down! This box won't hold but one  
For peekin' thro' the winder!  
You stay down thar jess whar ye be;  
I'll tell all thar is to see;  
Then you'll enjoy it well as me.  
An' don't you try to hinder!

That Teacher is the biggest goose  
That Cupid ever let out loose,  
His learnin' ain't no sort o' use  
In sparkin' our Jemina!  
Say peekin's gainst the golden rule,  
But Teacher told us in the school  
To watch him close; so git a stool  
An' stand up here close by me.

Now he's got somethin' in his head  
That somehow rather's gotter be said;  
He's hitchin' close an' blushin' red,  
With one leg over t'other.  
He wants to do the thing up brown.  
Say! He's the biggest goose in town,  
Showin' her picturs upside down,  
An' she don't know it nuther!

## WATCHIN' THE SPARKIN'

He's got his arm around her chair  
An' wonders if she'll leave it there.  
But she looks like she didn't care.  
I'll bet he's goin' to kiss her;  
He's gitten' closer to her face  
An' pickin' out the softest place  
An' sort of measurin' off the space  
Jess so as not to miss her.

If she'd git mad an' box his ear,  
'Twould knock his plans clean out o' gear  
An' set him back another year.  
But she ain't goin' to do it;  
She thinks the teacher's jest tip-top,  
An' she won't let no chances drop,  
If ever he sets in to pop,  
She's goin' to push him through it!

By gum! If he ain't jist the wust!  
Waitin' for her to kiss him fust!  
He's goin' to do it neow—or bust!  
He's makin' preparation!  
Now watch him steppin' on her toes,  
That's just to hold her down I s'pose,  
He's gone an' kissed her on the nose!  
So much for edecation!

—FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

## The Jilt

**T**HERE'S been mony a sly an' deftly-baited trap set to try an' catch a man; but the trap into which Geordie Jamieson fell beats all records. Mysie Morris is a sonsie, strappin', weel-faur'd, red-handit kimmer, and marriage has gi'en her a deal o' concernment.

"Just bide yer ain time, Mysie," her nither has said to her. "If it's fore-ordeen'd that ye're to get a man, he'll come when his fate jees him; an', mind ye, better nae man ava than an ill man."

"Lat him come if he's comin'; an' if there's no a man to spare in the noo, I'll be thankfu' for a gude big laddie."

Next door to Mysie an' her mither there lived, a mealy-mou'd male individual known among men as Geordie Jamieson, and among women, as "The Jilt." Geordie has in turn courtit near the hauf o' the lasses in the Howe o' Glentoddy. O' the Powmuddle lasses alane, he hae run the rigs wi' Maggie Anderson, Kirsty Marshall, Kate M'Curdy, Annie M'Whapple, Bell M'Fudd, an' gudeness kens hoo mony mair. Geordie has been aye quick to court, but slow to speak o' marryin'. Coortin' had been to Geordie Jamieson what cricket an' footba' is to a hantle young chaps—

## THE JILT

a recreation an' a hobby. Each o' these lasses he courtit as lang as an unusually lairge stock o' impudence wad alloo him, syne when his impudence would carry him nae farrer. It was a case o'

"Aff wi' the auld love an' on wi' the new."

"Changes are lichtsome," Geordie wad say, an' "there's just as gude fish in the sea as ever were yet catch'd." These were his stock phrases at a time o' dissolution. He'd aye a gude conceit o' himsel', an' it bore him through. He never wanted a lass lang at a time. His last sweetheart—some fouk wad say "victim"—was Mysie Morris. He had walked Mysie abroad for within a week or twa o' the stereotyped period o' sax months. He had been as fond as usual, but as usual had never said marriage—at least in a business-like way. Though Mysie was careful to gie him the usual encouragement, an' wad remark that So-an'-So was gettin' married, an' wad add, wi' a sigh, that So-an'-So was weel aff, an' the like o' that. "An' yet I dinna ken either," she wad say, "for although ye were to gang doon on yer knees there an' ask this meenit, Geordie Jamieson, I wad hardly ken what to say to ye." A lang an' busy experience o' coortin' had learned Geordie hoo to fence a covert attack o' this kind, and he wad gie a sudden goup up wi' his head an' exclaim, "Dod, I cud swear I felt a spark o' rain on my nose this meenit; an' I howp it will come on a gude shooer sune, for the craps are

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fairly perishin' o' drooth;" an' so on, an' so on, until the thread o' Mysie's discoorse was effectually broken. Practice, ye see, mak's perfection in a'thing. An' noo the coolin' process set in, an' there were ither een as gleg to notice this as Mysie's were. Forgatherin' wi' the neebour lasses at the village well, whaur opeenions are frequently an' freely exchanged, Maggie Anderson wad say, wi' a bit spice o' sarcasm in her voice—

"Geordie'll be takin' ye by an' by noo, Mysie."

"Ou ay," Jeanie Soutar wad chime in, "he'll be takin' her as he took you an' me, Maggie—takin' her in."

"He's a slippery eel, Mysie," said Bell, "an' ye nicht ha'e kent hoo it wad end."

"He's just nae man ava," quoth Kate, wi' a toss o' her head, "an' I'm sorry for the day that I ever fyled my shoon walkin' oot wi' him. It was only to spite Kirsty Marshall that I ever took up wi' him, an' I wadna ha'e married him although it had been to save his life. If ye're no sick tired o' him lang-syne, Mysie, ye ha'ena the taste I've aye gi'en ye credit for."

"'Deed," quoth Mysie, "I wad tak' him, an' think that I'd dune unco weel; but it seems he's to hang up his hat on some ither pin."

"Has it a' fa'n through atween ye?" asked Bell.

"I wadna be a bit surprised although it has," answered Mysie. "I can see that he's been wantin' to quarrel wi' me for some time back. Yestreen we



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gaed oot the road a bit for a daunder. An' in the hame-comin', we were crackin' aboot politics, an' that: an' as we drew up to the garden-gate I gaed a bit snicker o' a lauch, an' says I, 'Are ye a Liberal *Unionist*, Geordie?'—emphasisin' the second last word."

" 'No,' says he, wi' a toss o' his head, 'I'm for Separation;' and he turned on his heel, an' aff he gaed, an' never said, 'Ha'e ye a mooth?' "

"Ye'll never see mair o' him," quoth Kate. "But it's just a pity ye couldna souse him for his impudence. Hang him; if I had him here I wad fling him head-foremost into the draw-well."

"Has he ever committed himsel' to ye in ony way?" queried Bell; "either by word o' mou' afore witnesses, or by letters in his ain handwriting?"

"Catch a weasel asleep!" sniff'd Kate; "no' very likely. Did he commit himsel' to you? Did he commit himsel' to me? Did he commit himsel' to ony ane o' the hundred-an'-fifty lasses he has harl'd around the country-side like as mony collie dogs?"

"Deed, an' I think ye ha'e formed a rale true opeenion o' him."

"It's time there was something dune that'll put an effectual stop to his gallavantin'," said Kate, "an' the only question that needs settlement is, 'Wha's to bell the cat?' Ye mind hoo nimbly he gaed doon the well the ither week wi' a rope aboot his waist, an' brocht up Kirsty Marshall's pitcher that she lat fa'



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in. Weel, there's his wee pet lamb trottin' aboot on his mither's bleachin'-green. We'll drap it gently doon into the well, syne rin an' tell him that it's fa'n in. He'll never hesitate a meenit aboot gaein' doon for't, an' lat us ance get him doon into the well, lasses, the faut's oor ain if we dinna mak' a treaty o' peace that'll gi'e satisfaction to mair fouk than oorsel's."

"It's a perfect inspiration, Kate!" cried Mysie, clappin' her hands an' dancin' wi' delight. "Peace with Honour; for, hang him, if I had him doon the well, an' the rope-end in my hand, he'll promise to marry me, or I'll droon the wratch."

"Canny, canny, Mysie," interrupted Bell, "dinna lat onybody hear ye sayin' the like o' that. Men are sic a scarce crap we've little need to droon ony o' them—I wadna even like that the puir pet lamb shud suffer. I like the idea for a' that; an' when we get him doon in the well the project shud be that he maun either promise to marry Mysie, or undergang a drookin' that will cool his love-makin' an' linger in his memory as lang as he lives."

Weel, to mak' a lang story short, the pet lamb was laid by the heels an' tenderly drappit into the well. Kate and Bell retired into a momentary place o' hidin'. Mysie raised the alarm that the pet lamb was into the well—mind ye, she didna say that it fell in—she merely said it was there, an' that she had seen it. Roond the

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gate Geordie ran as if it had been to see a hoose on fire. In a meenit the rope was roond his waist, an' he was doon the well an' had his pet lamb in his oter. This accomplished, Mysie gaed a cough, an' Bell an' Kate drew near eneuch to hear a' that micht be said, but kept far eneuch back frae the mooth o' the well to be oot o' Geordie's sight.

"Geordie Jamieson," cried Mysie doon the well, at the same time gien' the rope's end a twist; "Geordie Jamieson, answer me the question again that I askit ye last nicht—Are ye a Liberal Unionist?"

"What a ridiculous question, Mysie," cried Geordie, frae the well. "Draw me up."

"To abandon metaphor, Geordie," cried Mysie, "Do ye mean to marry me or no'?"

"Dinna think ye'll frichten me, Mysie Morris," he next retorted. "Nane o' yer Coercion Acts, my woman. I see yer drift weel eneuch; and this explains hoo the pet lamb got into the well. Pull me up this instant, an' gie me nae mair o' yer impudence. It's for the man to propose."

"It's for the woman to dispose then," exclaimed Mysie, an' doon she sent him wi' a plunge; syne raised him again to his former elevation.

"Glug-glug-glug: Pu' me up for gudesake, Mysie. I'm droonin'," he cried.

"When ye answer me twa questions to my satisfaction ye'll get oot o' the well, Geordie Jamieson,"

## THE JILT

said Mysie; "but never wi' the life in yer body until then."

There was a business-like ring in Mysie's voice as she spoke these words, which Geordie was sharp enough to detect.

"Woman, ye're clean red-wud mad," he cried. "What monstrous questions to propound to a man in sic a situation as this."

"I want the truth out o' ye," cried Mysie.

"Draw me up, then," cried Geordie.

"Na," cried Mysie. "We read in the Scriptures that 'truth is to be found at the bottom o' a well,' so ye'll better gang doon again an' see if ye can fa' in wi' it;" an' doon she sent him wi' anither awfu' sowse.

"Glug-glug-glug, oo!" he cried.

"Do you mean to marry me or no, Geordie Jamieson? (No answer.) Do ye mean to marry Kate M'Curdy? (No answer.) Do ye mean to marry Bell M'Fudd. (No answer.) Do ye mean to marry ony o' a' the lasses o' Powmuddle that you've befool'd an' disappointed? (No answer.) Weel, there's a dip for Maggie Anderson. (Splash.) There's a drookin' for Kirsty Marshall. (Splunge!!) There's a dowse for Kate M'Curdy. (Splutter!!!)

"Glug-glug-Mysie! Oh, my pet lamb!"

"Eh! Was ye speakin' to me, Geordie?" cried Mysie.

"Ay, Mysie; lift me up, an' I'll tell ye a' about it."

## THE JILT

"Never!" cried our thoroughly-in-earnest heroine. "I lift ye oot only to marry ye, or to bury ye. Are ye to marry me?"

"That's it, Mysie," whispered Kate. "Haud at him, aye."

"Gie him twa dips for me," whispered Bell.

"There's a dip for Bell M'Fu—"

"Mysie, I'll marry ye—I'll marry ye," cried Geordie.

"Whan?"

"Ony time ye like to name. Gin Martinmas."

"Nickit at last!" cackled Kate. An' aff the twa o' them ran again, an' were oot o' sight in a minute.

"Dinna blame me a' thegither for the unco means I have ta'en to secure ye, Geordie," said Mysie, as her plighted groom rose to the surface o' the earth, an' she ettled to unyoke the rope frae his waist. "It's the love I bear ye that has driven me desperate."

"Gae whistle on yer thoomb! Whaur's yer witnesses?" exclaimed Geordie, an' he snapped his fingers in her face, an' set aff hamewards wi' the pet lamb in his oxters.

Martinmas cam', but brocht nae marriage. A month later, an' the country was ringin' wi' the news o' oor now famous Breach o' Promise case. The courthouse that day was a sight no sune to be forgotten, being literally crammed to the door.

"You say you heard the defendant promise to marry the plaintiff?" said the Shirra to Kate M'Curdy.

## THE JILT

"An' so I did, my lord," said Kate.

"Did you ever hear the defendant apply any term of special endearment towards the plaintiff, other than making a mere promise of marriage to her?"

"Yes, my lord; he ca'd her his pet lamb."

"It was my sheep," cried Geordie.

"You called her your sheep?" queried the Shirra.

"No," said Geordie, "it was my pet lamb."

"Take care, sir," cried the Shirra, in a voice like young thunder. "Let there be no prevarication, or you may seriously prejudice your own interest in this case."

"There is clear proof here that a promise of marriage was made by defendant to plaintiff," said the Shirra at the tail o' the day—"that said promise was made in a well, where the parties had evidently gone for the express purpose of plighting their troth, because truth is always sure to be found there. In this sanctum of truth, defendant called plaintiff his 'pet lamb,' or used words to that effect. Two witnesses of unimpeachable character—a couple of guileless village maidens—have given sworn evidence to these occurrences. They have further informed the Court that defendant promised to marry plaintiff at the next term of Martinmas. This latter promise, which embraces the former, defendant has failed to carry into effect, and thereby has committed a breach of contract, and exposed himself to the jurisdiction of this Court."



## THE JILT

The jury retired, and returned in less than five minutes, lickin' their lips an' lookin' wonderfully refreshed.

"We find for the plaintiff," said the foreman.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the Shirra, "and I award her two hundred pounds damages for loss of valuable time, lacerated feelings, and blighted prospects; and would recommend that the money be paid by defendant to plaintiff in the exact situation in which the promise of marriage was made—in the same manner if possible—and in the presence of the same witnesses, so that the world at large may know that 'all's *well* that ends *well*.'"

This produced laughter and applause, the like o' which has been seldom heard in a Court o' Justice.

"Nickit at last!" cackled Kate M'Curdy.

The siller hasna been paid yet, but there's corn in Egypt. Geordie Jamieson has gowpenfu's o't in the bank. This is weel kent; an' Mysie Morris is noo recognized as a very eligible bride. Like Tibbie Fowler o' the Glen, "a' the lads are woin' at her—poin' at her—courtin' her, an' fain to get her." Ay, an' what d'ye think? Geordie Jamieson amang the lave! So they tell me.

"A wife wi' a tocher o' twa hunder pound is a plum worth climbin' a gey scranky tree for," he has been heard to mutter to himsel'. "Mysie likes me, or she wad never ha'e resorted to the extreme measure she did in order to secure me."



## THE JILT

Yestreen he ca'd at the door, an' tauld Mysie that he was a Liberal Unionist noo. An' if a'thing else that I ha'e heard be true, ye needna be surprised if in the course o' a week or two, ye hear that the cries are in!

## The Tree

**I** THINK that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree;

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

—JOYCE KILMER.

## How the War was Settled

THE occasion was a St. Patrick's day dinner one of the after dinner speakers had failed to appear, so the toastmaster quite unexpectedly called on Mister O'Brien to fill the gap.

Mr. O'Brien rose very reluctantly and in a very much embarrassed way, said: "Misther Toastmaster and gintlemen"—uh-uh—as ye all know, I am no afther dinner spaker but—uh—if ye do be afther insistin' on me makin' a speech, I do be afther tellin' ye a story, an' if ye do be afther listenin', ye do be afther hearin', how the war was settled between Japan an' Rosshia.

The famous Japanese gineral—uh-uh—the famous Japanese gineral be the name of—uh—be the name of —uh—now phat-do ye know about that? I have just disremimbered the name of that Japanese gineral—but annyhow, that doesn't matther at all at all, it was the famousest Japanese gineral; an' he arranged a meetin'—bechune himsilf an' the famous Rooshian gineral—be the name of—be the name of—Holy smoke! I have forgot intirely the name of that famous Rooshian gineral! It was wan av those quare Rooshian names with a sneeze in the middle av it an' a cough at the ind of it—but annyhow that doesn't matter at all, at all.

## HOW THE WAR WAS SETTLED

The famous Japanese ginerel met the famous Rooshian ginerel in the South av Rooshia, in a town be the name av—uh-uh—be the name av—For the love av Mike! I have lost complately the name of that town! but annyhow that doesn't matter at all, at all! The names don't matter, it's phwat they said to each other that's the important point.

Well, the famous Japanese ginerel, he says to the famous Rooshian ginerel—he says—uh—says he—uh-uh (Oh, phwat the divil did he say?) I can't for the loife av me think av phat he did say—but annyhow that doesn't matter at all, at all! It was phat-iver they said tae each other that settled the war.

## The Deacon's Story

THE solemn old bells in the steeple  
Are ringin'. I guess you know why,  
No? Well, then, I'll tell you, though mostly  
It's whispered about on the sly.  
Some six weeks ago, a church meetin'  
Was called—for—nobody knew what;  
But we went, and the parson was present,  
And I don't know who or who not.  
Some twenty odd members, I calc'late,  
Which mostly was women, of course;  
Though I don't mean to say aught ag'in 'em;  
I've seen many gatherin's worse.  
There, in the front row, sat the deacons,  
The eldest was old Deacon Pryor—  
A man countin' fourscore-and-seven,  
And gin'rally full of his ire.  
Beside him, his wife, aged fourscore,  
A kind-hearted, motherly soul;  
And next to her young Deacon Hartley,  
A good Christian man on the whole.  
Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,  
And long ago laid on the shelf,  
Had wedged herself next; and beside her,  
Was Deacon Munroe—that's myself.

## THE DEACON'S STORY

The meetin' was soon called to order,  
The parson looked glum as a text;  
We gazed at each other in silence,  
And silently wondered "What next!"  
Then slowly uprose Deacon Hartley;  
His voice seemed to tremble with fear  
As he said; "Boy and man you have known me,  
My good friends, for nigh forty years.

"And you scarce may expect a confession  
Of error from me, but—you know,  
My dearly loved wife died last Christmas,  
It's now nearly ten months ago.  
The winter went by long and lonely,  
The spring hurried forward a-pace;  
The farm-work came on, and I needed  
A woman about the old place.

"The children were wilder than rabbits,  
And still growing worse every day;  
No help to be found in the village,  
Although I was willin' to pay.  
In fact, I was nigh 'bout discouraged  
For everything looked so forlorn;  
When good little Patience McAlpine  
Skipped into our kitchen, one morn.

"She had only run in of an errand;  
But she laughed at our miserable plight,  
And set to work, jist like a woman,  
A putting the whole place to right.



## THE DEACON'S STORY

And though her own folks was so busy,  
And illy her helpin' could spare,  
She flit in and out like a sparrow,  
And most every day she was there.

"So the Summer went by sort o' cheerful,  
And one morning my baby, my Joe,  
Seemed feverish and fretful, and fussed me,  
As babies will, often, you know.  
I was tired that morning and sleepy,  
And couldn't no way keep him still;  
So, at last I grew angry, and spanked him,  
And then he screamed out with a will.

"Just about then I heard a soft rapping,  
Away at the half-open door;  
And good little Patience McAlpine  
Walked shyly across the white floor  
Says she: 'I thought Josey was cryin',  
I guess I'd best take him away.  
I knew you'd be gettin' up early  
To go to the marshes for hay,

So I came here to-day to get breakfast;  
I guess he'll be quiet with me.  
Come, Josey, kiss papa, and tell him,  
What a nice little man you will be!"  
"She was stooping over the baby  
And saw the big tears on his cheek;  
Her face was so close to my whiskers,  
I darsn't move, scarcely, or speak;

## THE DEACON'S STORY

Her hands were both holdin' the baby,  
Her eyes by his shoulder was hid;  
But her mouth was so near and so rosy,  
I—kissed her. That's just what I did."  
Then down sat the tremblin' sinner,  
The sisters they murmured, "For shame!"  
And "she shouldn't oughter a let him,  
No doubt she was mostly to blame."  
When straightway uprose Deacon Pryor,  
"Now brethren and sisters," he said,  
(We knowed then that suthin' was comin',  
And all sot as still as the dead,)  
"You've heard brother Hartley's confession,  
And I speak for myself when I say,  
That if my wife was dead, and my children  
Were all growin' worse every day;  
And if my house needed attention,  
And Patience McAlpine had come  
And tidied the cluttered up kitchen,  
And made the place seem more like home;  
And if I was worn out and sleepy,  
And my Baby wouldn't lie still,  
But fretted and woke me at daylight,  
As babies, we know, sometimes will;  
And if Patience came in to hush him,  
And 'twas all as our good brother sez—  
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,  
And 'bide by the consequences."

## THE DEACON'S STORY

Then down sat the elderly deacon,  
The younger one lifted his face,  
And a smile rippled over the meetin'  
Like light in a shadowy place.

Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters  
Remembered their far-away youth,  
Or the daughters at home by their firesides  
Shrined each in her shy, modest truth;  
For their judgments grew gentle and kindly,  
And—well—as I started to say,  
The solemn old bells in the steeple  
Are ringin' a bridal to-day.

—N. S. EMERSON.

# The Good Little Girl and The Bad Little Girl

*(A literary effort of two small people, who in their methods of disposing of their heroines, followed the example of some older authors.)*

ONE morning Diddie came into the nursery with a big blank-book and a lead-pencil in her hand.

"What's that, Diddie?" asked Dumps.

"Now don't you bother me, Dumps," said Diddie; "I'm goin' to write a book."

"Are you? Who's goin' to tell ye what to say?"

"I'm goin' to make it up out o' my head, all about little girls and boys and ladies."

"I wouldn't have no boys in it," said Dumps; "they're always so hateful: there's Cousin Frank broke up my tea-set, an' Johnnie Miller tied er string so tight roun' my puppy's neck he nearly choked 'im. Ef I was writin' a book, I wouldn't have no boys in it."

"There's boun' to be boys in it, Dumps; you can't write a book without boys; I'm not goin' to write jes one straight book, I'm goin' to have little short stories, an' little pieces of poetry like The Ladies Home Journal. I'll tell people how to bring up their children in

## THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL

the way that they should go, an' how to make lovely furniture out of old soap boxes, an' all kinds of things, an' I'll name the first story 'Nettie Herbert, or The Good Little Girl': don't you think that's a pretty name. Dumps?"

"Jes' beautiful," replied Dumps.

"Don't you think two pages on this big paper will be long enough for one story?"

"Plenty." So at the bottom of the second page Diddie wrote "The END of The Good Little Girl."

"Now, what would you name the second story?"

"I'd name it 'The Bad Little Girl,' "

The titles being all decided Diddie wrote and read her first story as follows:

### "NETTIE HERBERT."

"Nettie Herbert was a poor little girl—"

"Dumps, would you have Nettie Herbert a po' little girl?"

"No, I wouldn't have nobody er po' little girl,"

"Nettie Herbert was a *rich* little girl, and she lived with her pa and ma in a big house in Nu Orlins; and one time her father give her a gold dollar, and she went down town, and bot a grate big wax doll with open and shet eyes, and a little cooking stove with pots and kittles, and a wuck box, and lots uv pieces uv clorf to make doll cloes, and a bu-te-ful gold ring, and a lockit with her pa's hare in it, and a big box full uv all kinds uv candy and nuts and razens and ornges

## THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL

and things, and a little git-ar to play chunes on, and two little tubs and some little iuns to wash her doll cloes with; then she bot a little wheel-barrer, and put all the things in it, and started fur home. When she was going a long, presently she herd sumbody cryin' and jes a sobbin' himself most to deaf; and 'twas a poor little boy all barefooted and jes as hungry as he could be; and he said his ma was sick, and his pa was dead, and he had nine little sisters and seven little bruthers, and he hadn't had a mouthful to eat in two weeks, and no place to sleep, nor nuthin'. So Nettie went to a doctor's house, and told him she would give him the gold ring fur some fyssick fur the little boy's muther; and the doctor give her some castor-oil and parrygorick, and then she went on tell they got to the house, and Nettie give her the fyssick, and some candy to take the taste out of her mouth, and it done her lots uv good; and she give all her nuts and candy to the poor little chillen. The poor woman thanked her very much, and Nettie told em good-by, and started fur home."

Here Diddie stopped suddenly and said,

"Come here a little minute, Dumps; I want you to help me wind up this tale."

"You see, I've only got six mo' lines of paper, an' I haven't got room to tell all that happened to her, an' what become of her. How would you wind her up, if you were me?"



## THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL

"I b'lieve I'd say, she furgive her sisters, an' married the prince, an' lived happy ever afterwards, like 'Cinderilla an' the Little Glass Slipper.'" "

"Oh, Dumps, you're such er little goose; that kind of endin' wouldn't suit my story at all," said Diddie; "but I'll have to wind her up somehow, for all the little girls who read the book will want to know what become of her, an' there's only six lines to wind up in; an' she's only a little girl, an' she can't grow up and get married in six lines. No, somethin' will have to happen to her. I tell you, I b'lieve I'll make a runaway horse run over her goin' home."

"Oh, no, Diddie, please don't," wailed Dumps; "po' little Nettie, don't make the horse run over her."

"I'm obliged to, Dumps: you mustn't be so tender-hearted; she's got to be wound up somehow, an' I might let the Injuns scalp her, or the bears eat ner up, an' I'm sure that's a heap worse than jes a horse runnin' over her; an' then you know she ain't no sho' nuff little girl; she's only made up out of my head."

"Yah-h-h! I don't care, I don't want the horse to run over her; an' ef that's the way you're goin' to do I won't play, now."

"I don't care, I just have to finish somehow."

"As she was going along, presently she herd sumthin' cumin' book-er-ty-book, book-er-ty-book, and there was a big horse and a buggy cum tearin' down the road, and she ran jes hard as she could; but befo'

## THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL

she could git out er the way, the horse ran rite over her, and killed her, and all the people took her up and carried her home, and put flowers all on her, and burried her at the church, and played the organ 'bout her; and that's

"The END of Nettie Herbert."

"Oh, dear me!" she sighed, "I am tired of writin' books; Dumps, sposin' you make up 'bout the 'Bad Little Girl,' an' I'll write it down jes like you tell me."

"All right,"

"Once pun er time there was a bad little girl, an' she wouldn't min' nobody, nor do no way nobody wanted her to; and when her mother went ter give her fys-sick, you jes ought ter seen her cuttin' up! she skweeled, an' she holler'd, an' she kicked, an' she jes done ev'y bad way she could; an' one time when she was a goin' on like that, the spoon slipped down her throat, an' choked her plum to death; an' not long after that, when she was er playin' one day—"

"Oh, but, Dumps," interrupted Diddie, "you said she was dead."

"No, I nuver said nuthin' 'bout her bein' dead," replied Dumps; "an' ef you wrote down that she's dead, then you wrote a story, 'cause she's livin' as anybody."

"You said the spoon choked her to death," said Diddie.

"Well, hit nuver killed her, anyhow, hit jes only

## THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL

give her spasums; one time her mammy tol' 'er not neber to clim' up on the fender, an' she neber min' 'er, but clum right upon the fender to git an apple off'n the mantel-piece; an' the fender turned over, an' she fell in the fire an' burnt all up. An' another time, jes a week after that, she was er foolin' 'long—"

"Dumps, what are you talkin' 'bout? She couldn't be foolin' 'long—o' nothin' ef she's dead."

"But she ain't dead, Diddie,"

"Well, you said the fire burned her up,"

"I don't care ef hit did. She niver died 'bout hit; an' ef you're goin' to keep sayin' she's dead I won't play now."

"Go on, then, kill her as often as you like."

"Well, I'm goin' to kill her dead purty soon. Well, one time, when she was er foolin' 'ong of a cow, what she had no business, the cow run his horns right through her neck, an' throwed her way-ay-ay up yon'er; an' she niver come down no mo', an' that's all."

"But, Dumps, what become of her?"

"I dunno what become uv her. She went to he'b'n, I reckon."

"But she couldn't go to he'b'n ef she's so bad, the angel wouldn't let her come in."

"Well, the cow throwed her in," said Dumps, "an' the angel wan't lookin', an' he niver knowed nuthin' 'bout it."

"That's a mighty funny story, but I'll let it stay in

## THE GOOD LITTLE GIRL

the book—only you ain't finished it, Dumps. Hyear's fo' mo' lines of paper ain't written yet."

"That's all I know," replied Dumps. And Diddie, after considering a while, said she thought it would be very nice to wind it up with a piece of poetry.

So, with her brows drawn together in a frown, and her eyes tight shut, she chewed the end of her pencil, and, after a few moments, said,

"Dumps, do you min' ef the cow was to run her horns through her forrid, sted of her neck?"

"No, hit don't make no diffrence to me," replied Dumps.

"Well, then," said Diddie, "ef 'twas her forrid, I kin fix it."

So, after a little more study, Diddie "wound her up" thus:

"Once 'twas er little girl, so wicked and horrid,  
Till the cow run his horns right slap through her  
forrid,

And throwed her to he'b'n all full of her sin,

And, the gate bein' open, he pitched her right in."

And that was "The END of the Bad Little Girl."

## 'Spacially Jim

I WUS mighty good-lookin' when I wus young—  
Peert an' black-eyed an' slim,  
With fellers a-courtin' me Sunday nights,  
                                'Specially Jim.

The likeliest one of 'em all wus he,  
 Chipper an' han'som' an' trim;  
 But I toss'd up my head, an' made fun o' the crowd,  
 'Spacially Jim.

I said I hadn't no 'pinion o' men  
An' I wouldn't take stock in *him*!  
But they kep' up a-comin' in spite o' my talk,  
  'Specially Jim.

I got so tired o' havin' 'em roun'  
( 'Spacially Jim!),  
I made up my mind I'd settle down  
An' take up with him;

So we was married one Sunday in church,  
'Twas crowded full to the brim,  
'Twas the only way to get rid of 'em all,  
                    'Specially Jim.

—ANONYMOUS.

## Katie's Answer

O CH, Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,  
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,  
An' her dimples so swate,  
An' her ankles so nate,  
She dazed, an' she bothered me, too—

Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,  
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side,  
The darlint, she sat,  
With the wickedest hat,  
'Neath a purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin how it bate  
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,  
Wid cheeks like the roses,  
An' all the red posies,  
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,  
Till she said, wid a toss of the head,  
"If I'd known that to-day  
You'd have nothing to say,  
I'd have gone wid my cousin instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld,  
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld



## KATIE'S ANSWER

Uv the love in my heart,  
That would never depart,  
Tho I lived to be wrinkled an' owld.

An' I said, "If I dared to do so,  
I'd lit go uv the baste, an' I'd throw

Both arms 'round yer waist,

An' be stalin' a taste

Uv them lips that are coaxin' me so."

Then she blushed a more illegent red,

As she said, widout raisin' her head,

An' her eyes lookin' down

'Neath her lashes so brown,

"Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

—K. N. FOWLE.

## Auntie's Love Affair

*Characters that appear in the sketch are:*

*Miss Purvis—a maiden lady who keeps a small shop at Kilmabeg on the Clyde.*

*Mr. Baldwin—an elderly bachelor and commercial traveller, who has been paying attention to Miss Purvis.*

*Christina—Miss Purvis' young niece.*

*The day before this story opens the spinster has received from Mr. Baldwin a note, stating that he will come the following day by steamer from Glasgow, to see her on a very special matter. She is naturally anxious that the curious and romantic Christina should not be present at the interview. But as Fate would have it, that afternoon Christina bounced into the shop, and stopped short, regarding her aunt with staring eyes and open mouth.*

**W**HAT'S up?" she gasped.  
Her aunt frowned, but a moment later forced a smile.

"You are home early to-day, Christina."

"Uh-ha. The teacher's got a gum-bile. Awfu' lucky. Eh?"

After delivering a brief lecture on respect for one's

## AUNTIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

elders and those in authority, Miss Purvis said pleasantly—

"I see you are looking at my new dress. I hope you like it, Christina."

"Oh, it's fair gorgeous! But what wey—"

"Not gorgeous, I trust," said Miss Purvis, laughing uneasily.

"Weel, it's awfu' stylish, auntie. The trimmin's fair faskinatin'. But ye've nae beads on it."

"Beads?"

"Ay, beads. But maybe ye're no' auld enough for beads. I like the sleeves, though, an' the neck, an' the waist. My! ye're awfu' jimp about the waist, auntie! I doot ye've been tight-lacin' like the fashionable debewtanties—"

"Hush, Christina!"

"I was readin' about a young lady that tight-laced till she grew three inches taller—"

"Hush! You must not talk of such things."

"Hooch, ay! Dinna excite! Yer hair's awfu' nice the day. That's a new style ye've got for it. If it was a wee thing puffier, ye wud be like a Gibson girl. Are ye wearin' a pad?"

"Really, Christina, I cannot listen to such talk! Pad, indeed!"

"Nae offence. Pads is a' the go noo-a-days. They're wore in the highest society—patronized wi' Royalty. But what's up?"

## AUNTIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

"Up, Christina?" Miss Purvis looked at her little silver watch.

"Ay! Are ye expectin' onybody to tea the nicht?"

"No; I am not expecting anybody—to tea, Christina," slowly replied Miss Purvis, avoiding her niece's gaze. "What a beautiful afternoon it is," she added hastily. "Are you not going a walk this afternoon, Christina? The fine weather will soon be over, and you ought to take advantage of it. Really, you ought."

Christina eyed her aunt steadily, but said nothing.

"I don't know when I saw such a beautiful afternoon," the spinster continued nervously. "It is almost a sin to waste it indoors. It is indeed! Wouldn't you like to ask Jessie Ann to go a walk with you? I'm sure it would be delightful up the loch this afternoon, and—"

"You can gang oot an' gi'e the folk a treat, auntie, an' I'll keep the shope till ye come back—eh? Are ye on?"

"I'm afraid I cannot do that. I—I have some accounts to make up." Miss Purvis suddenly fell to hunting among the papers in her desk.

"I'll help ye."

"Thank you, my dear; but it would be much better for you out-of-doors. And—a—you might call at the baker's and get some nice cakes—what you like best—for tea."

Christina regarded the top of her aunt's head with

## AUNTIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

profound suspicion for nearly a minute. Then she said—

"It's ower warm for walkin'. I'll jist gang an' sit on the pier till the boat comes in. I think I'll put on ma guid things."

"Don't be absurd, child!" said the spinster irritably. "Why should you put on your good clothes to-day?"

"To keep ye comp'ny . . . Oh, thonder's the boat comin'! Can I get the lend o' a pair o' curlin'-tongs, please?"

"Certainly not! What on earth do you want to dress yourself for, Christina?"

"Oh, jist for fun . . . But ye micht lend us a pair o' tongs, auntie. I'll no' spile them, an' naebody'll ever ken they've been used." Christina edged towards the drawer where the stock of tongs was kept. "Ma hair's that leeky," she said mournfully. "Come on, auntie."

"Oh, well, take the tongs, Christina!" cried Miss Purvis weakly. "It is very wrong of me to allow you to encourage your vanity, but—"

"Dinna fash yersel' about that, auntie," said the girl, as she gleefully selected the coveted implements. "It's you that's the toff the day. My! ye're dressed to kill at a thoosan' yards! Thank ye, auntie."

"Don't burn yourself," said Miss Purvis, with a furtive glance through the window.

## AUNTIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

"Nae fears! I hope ye'll no' find it awfu' dull till I appear again." So saying Christina retired to the back premises, stuffed her handkerchief in her mouth and skipped round the table twenty times.

"Oh, Jamaica!" she said to herself at last, as she inserted the curling-tongs between the ribs of the grate, "there's something up this time. I was sure it was Baldyin's writin' on the letter she got this mornin'. An' then she couldna eat her breakfast. An' noo she's a' dressed up, an' doesna seem to ken what she's daein', an' wants me to gang oot a walk. But I'm no' sae green as I'm cabbage lookin'. There's something up, or I'm a duchess! . . . I've got it! He's comin' wi' the boat! That's why she didna want me to gang to the pier. An' it's no' his proper day for comin'. I wonder why he's comin' the day . . . Oh, what if he was to propose! She's kin' o' temptin'-lookin' in her new things; but, oh! I hope she's no' jist triflin' an' flurtin' wi' him."

The door of the shop opened, and Miss Purvis let the lid of the desk fall with a loud bang. Christina, who was washing, put her soapy hand to her heart, gasping, "It's him! Oh, Jamaica!"

Then she heard a piping, childish voice say—

"Please, miss, could ye gi'e me twa ha'pennies for a penny?"

"What a sell!" muttered Christina, and resumed her ablutions.



## AUNTIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

But ere she had dried her face, the hoped-for thing happened. Mr. Baldwin arrived. She heard him say, "Lovely day!" in his usual hearty tones, but immediately thereafter his voice seemed to sink to a mere whisper.

With the towel in her hands and her face still damp, she crept to the door.

But she did not peep. Even as she touched the curtain covering the glass she drew back.

"Honour among thieves is the best policy," she said to herself.

Christina soliloquized: I wonder which knee Mr. Baldwin will sink on. Oh! whichever knee he sinks on he'll never be able to see her for the counter! Nearly all the heroes propose in conservatories, or sylvan dells or moonlit moors or sea-beat shores. A few have proposed on a steam yacht or a motor car. But I never yet heard of a proposal in a shop. But "Love will find a way." Maybe he'll put one foot on a chair and one on the counter.

Scarcely a sound reached her, and her ears almost ached with listening.

"I suppose the adorin' swine'll be whisperin' sweet nothin's. I never heard Baldyin sae saft-spoken." She resisted another strong impulse to peep. "I hope she's no' ower coquettish wi' him. She should catch him when she gets the chance. Oh, my! I wish I kent what they was speakin' aboot."

## AUNTIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

At that moment Mr. Baldwin was saying—

"You might as well call me 'James'. And as for Christina, I hope she will some day call me 'Uncle James'. She needs an uncle as well as an aunt—in default of a father and mother. There is nothing wrong with the girl except her speech—she has a real, good heart, which is all you and I need to work on. We shall make a fine woman of Christina, you and I—Mary. Don't let her stand between us any longer; let her bring us together, my dear—ahem!"

It was then that Miss Purvis said, "Oh! James!"

And it was then, also, that Christina became sensible of the odour of burning wood, and realized that the handles of the curling-tongs were charred to cinders.

"If he doesna propose, I'm a waster. An' I ha'ena even curled ma hair. Oh, me! I doot I'm no' Fortune's favourite."

Returning to the easy-chair Christina interlocked her fingers, and longed for something to happen.

"He's got nae samples wi' him. That proves he's no' here on business. Oh, he must be proposin'. If it wasna a sacred performance, I wud ha'e a squint at them. I wonder if he's printin' burnin' kisses on her taper fingers...I doot I'll never ha'e taper fingers...But I suppose I'll never ha'e an adorin' swine, nor get engaged, nor blight ma troth." She sighed heavily. "I never heard o' a hero-ine wi' leeky hair

## AUNTIE'S LOVE AFFAIR

like mine. Oh, never!...But I wudna mind it as much if Baldyin was ma uncle.—I maun remember to ca' him Maister Baldwin. If he was nuptailed to auntie I wud ca' him Uncle James. James is a nice front name. It's maybe no' as noble-like as Lionel an' Marmaduke, but, still, it's a nice name... I wonder if auntie wud ha'e me for a bridesmaid—Oh, my! What fun! What gorgeousness! My! I wish I could see them wi' oot spyin'. They're keepin' terrible quate. I hope she hasna spurned him. It must be awfu' aggravatin' to be spurned... Mercy! what's that? He's laughin'—an' she's laughin'!" Christina hid her hot, angry face against the back of the chair. "People who can laugh like that cannot possibly be in love. It's all up a gum-tree!"

Miss Purvis came softly into the living-room.

"Christina, my dear, Mr. Baldwin wishes to speak to you. He has something to tell you. What's the matter?"

"What's up?" Christina gruffly inquired.

The spinster gently stroked the girl's hair, and, in a low voice, said—

"It will be a great surprise to you, but—Mr. Baldwin is going to be—your uncle."

"Surprise naething! I kenned it lang afore you did!"

—J. J. BELL.

## De Li'l' Brack Sheep

**P**O' li'l brack sheep! Don' wandered far  
Way out in the win' an' de rain.  
An' de Shepherd cry, "O hirelin!  
Go fin' my sheep again."  
But de hirelin cry, "Oh Shepherd!  
Dat sheep am brack and bad."  
But the Shepherd he smile like that li'l brack sheep  
Wuz de onliest lamb he had.

An' he say, "Oh hirelin! hasten,  
For de win' and de rain am col'  
An' dat li'l brack sheep am lonesome  
So far away from the fol'."  
But the hirelin say, "Oh Shepherd!  
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey."  
But the Shepherd he smile like dat li'l brack sheep  
Wuz fair as de break of day.

An' he say, "Make haste, O hirelin'!  
For there are de ninety and nine,  
But 'way out in the darkness  
Am dat li'l brack sheep of mine."  
But de hirelin' say, "Oh Shepherd!  
De res' of the sheep are here."  
But the Shepherd he smile like dat li'l brack sheep  
He hol' the mostest dear.

## DE LI'L' BRACK SHEEP

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness  
Where de win' and de rain am bleak,  
An' dat li'l brack sheep he finds it  
An' he lays it against his cheek.  
An' re hirelin say, "Oh Shepherd!  
Don't bring that sheep to me."  
But the Shepherd he smile an' he hols it close  
And dat li'l brack sheep—WUZ ME.

## Aunty Doleful's Visit

**H**OW do you do, Jane? I heard you were not feeling well, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, it's such a comfort to see me, I have such a flow of conversation. Besides, I said to myself as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Jane alive." You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better, but there was Mrs. Jones sitting up, every one saying now well she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with the influenza and went off like a flash. But you must be careful and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm and don't fret about anything. Of course things can't go on just as if you were downstairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billy was sailing about in a tub on the pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the balcony in a clothes basket. Gracious goodness; what's the matter? Perhaps Providence'll take care of 'em. Don't look so alarmed. You thought the nurse was watching them? Well, no, she isn't, I saw her talking to a man at the gate—he looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the doorkey in wax, and then he'll get



## AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT

in and murder you all. There was a family at Hamilton all killed last week. Now don't fidget so, it's bad for the baby. Poor little dear, how singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf, or dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be all of them, and you never know it. Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though—that ought to be your comfort if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it; and many don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along. How is your husband? Well, but finds it warm in town, eh? Well, I should think he would! They are dropping down by hundreds there with sunstroke: you must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these Radials is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth everyday as he is, it's just trifling with danger. Dear! dear, now! to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time. Dear! dear! scarlet fever has broken out in the neighborhood. Little Tommy Johnson has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday. Well, I must be going now; I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-bye. How pale you look, Jane. I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look as well as you

## AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT

did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

—ANONYMOUS.

## The Middle Child

**W**HENEVER there is company  
And mamma sends for us,

It's always 'bout the baby  
That they make the biggest fuss.  
They say, "Oh! Isn't she too sweet!  
Her hair, just see it curl!"  
They never say such things to me,  
Cos' I'm the middle girl.

And then they say to sister,  
"It this the oldest child?  
She'll be a woman bye and bye,"  
And after they have smiled  
And held her hand, they look at me,  
And mamma says, "Oh, she's begun  
To lose her teeth"—an' then they laugh  
Cos' I'm the middle one.

Then baby's asked to say her piece  
And sister has to sing.  
Nobody ever seems to think  
I can do anything.  
And though my name is Marguerite,  
And Marguerite means Pearl,  
Nobody says that I am sweet,  
Cos' I'm the middle girl.

## THE MIDDLE CHILD

When I grow up and when I have  
A fambly of my own,  
I'll send up for the middle child  
To come downstairs, alone.  
And I shall let her speak and sing  
And have just lots of fun,  
I'll not deny her anything  
Cos' she's the middle one.

## Pettibone's Shef Doover

**T**HE Blue Horizon wuz a mine us fellers all  
thought well uv,

And there befell the episode I now perpose to tell uv;  
'T wuz in the year uv sixty-nine,—somewhere along  
in summer,—

There hove in sight one afternoon a new and curious  
comer;

His name wuz Silas Pettibone,—a artist by perfes-  
sion,—

With a kit of tools and a big mustache and a pipe in  
his possession.

He told us, by our leave, he'd kind uv like to make  
some sketches

Uv the snowy peaks, 'nd the foamin' crick, 'nd the dis-  
tant mountain stretches;

"You're welkim, sir," sez we, although this scenery  
dodge seemed to us

A waste uv time where scenery wuz already sooper-  
floo-us.

All through the summer, Pettibone kep' busy at his  
sketchin',—

At daybreak off for Eagle Pass, and home at night-  
fall, fetchin'

## PETTIBONE'S SHEF DOOVER

That everlastin' book uv his with spider-lines all  
through it;

Three-Fingered Hoover used to say there warn't no  
meanin' to it;

"Gol darn a man," sez he to him, "whose shif'less  
hand is sot at

A-drawin' hills that's full uv quartz that's pinin' to  
be got at!"

"Go on," sez Pettibone, "go on, if joshin' gratifies ye;  
But one uv these fine times, I'll show ye sumthin' will  
surprise ye!"

The which remark led us to think—although he didn't  
say it—

That Pettibone wuz owin' us a gredge 'nd meant to  
pay it.

One even' as we sat around the Restauraw de Casey,  
A-singin' songs 'nd tellin' yarns the which wuz sum-  
what racy,

In come that feller Pettibone, 'nd sez, "With your  
permission,

I'd like to put a picture I have made, on exhibition."  
He sot the picture on the bar 'nd drew aside its curtain,  
Sayin', "I reckon you'll allow as how that's art, f'r  
certain!"

And then we looked, with jaws agape, but nary word  
wuz spoken,

And f'r a likely spell the charm uv silence wuz un-  
broken—



## PETTIBONE'S SHEF DOOVER

Till presently, as in a dream, remarked Three-Fingered Hoover:

"Onless I am mistaken, this is Pettibone's shef doover!"

It wuz a face—a human face—a woman's, fair 'nd tender—

Sot gracefully upon a neck white as a swan's, and slender;

The hair wuz kind uv sunny, 'nd the eyes wuz sort uv dreamy,

The mouth wuz half a-smilin', 'nd the cheeks wuz soft 'nd creamy;

It seemed like she wuz lookin' off into the west out yonder,

And seemed like, while she looked, we saw her eyes grow softer, fonder,—

Like, lookin' off into the west, where moountain mists wuz fallin'.

She saw the face she longed to see and heerd his voice a-callin';

"Hooray!" we cried,—“a woman in the camp uv Blue Horizon.

Step right up, Colonel Pettibone, 'nd nominate your pizen.”

A curious situation,—one deservin' uv your pity,—

No human, livin', female thing this side of Denver City!

## PETTIBONE'S SHEF DOOVER

But jest a lot uv husky men that lived on sand 'nd  
bitters,—

Do you wonder that that woman's face consoled the  
lonesome critters?

And not a one but what it served in some way to re-  
mind him

Of a mother or a sister or a sweetheart left behind  
him;

And some looked back on happier days, and saw the  
old-time faces

And heerd the dear familiar sounds in old familiar  
places,—

A gracious touch of home. "Look here," sez Hoover,  
"ever'body

Quit thinkin' 'nd perceed at oncet to name his favorite  
toddy!"

It suzn't long afore the news had spread the country  
over,

And miners come a-flockin' in like honey-bees to clo-  
ver;

It kind uv did 'em good, they said, to feast their hun-  
gry eyes on

That picture uv Our Lady in the camp uv Blue Hori-  
zon.

But one mean cuss from Nigger Crick passed criti-  
cism on 'er—

Leastwise we overheard him call her Pettibone's ma-  
donner,

## PETTIBONE'S SHEF DOOVER

The which we did not take to be respectful to a lady,  
So we hung him in a quiet spot that wuz cool 'nd  
dry 'nd shady;

Which same might not have been good law, but it wuz  
the right maneuver

To give the critics due respect for Pettibone's shef  
doover.

Gone is the camp,—yes, years ago the Blue Horizon  
busted,

And every mother's son uv us got up one day 'nd  
dusted,

While Pettibone perceeded East with wealth in his  
possession,

And went to Yurrap, as I heerd, to study his perfes-  
sion;

So, like as not, you'll find him now, a-paintin' heads  
'nd faces

At Venus, Billy Florence, and the like I-talyun places.  
But no sech face he'll paint again as at old Blue Hori-  
zon,

For I'll allow no sweeter face, no human soul sot eyes  
on;

And when the critics talk so grand uv Paris 'nd the  
Loover,

I say, "Oh, but you orter seen the Pettibone shef  
doover!"

—EUGENE FIELD.

## Auction Extraordinary

*(The dream of yesterday becomes the reality of to-day. In view of the recently imposed tax on bachelors in Quebec, the revival of this prophetic little verse is opportune.)*

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers  
And as fast as I dreamed, it was coined into  
numbers,

My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,  
I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry, sweeter.

It seemed that a law had been recently made,  
That a tax on old bachelors pates should be laid,  
And, in order to make them all willing to marry,  
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The bachelors grumbled, and said, "'Twas no use!  
'Twas a horrid injustice and a horrid abuse!"  
And declared that, "To save their own hearts' blood  
from spilling,

Of such a vile tax, they would ne'er pay a shilling."

But the rulers determined them still to pursue,  
So they set all the bachelors up at Vendue

A crier was sent through the town to and fro,

To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,

And to shout out to all he might meet on his way,

"Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"

## AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY

And presently, all the old maids in the town,  
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,  
From forty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,  
Of every description, all flocked to the sale,  
The auctioneer then in his labors began,  
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,  
“What’ll you bid for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?”  
In a twink, every maiden responds “I, I, I!”  
In short at a highly exorbitant price  
The Bachelors all were sold off in a trice,  
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,  
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

—ANONYMOUS.

## "Au Revoir"

*T*O you, who oft have laughed with me,  
Or cup of woe have quaffed with me,  
And who in sympathy have listened,  
With answering smile, or tears that glistened,  
In whose keen eyes, I've caught the gleam  
Of echoing thought or poet's dream,  
Who've felt the brush of fairy wings  
Gilding with beauty common things,  
Who've come to me, at evening's end,  
With clasp of hand to call me "Friend,"  
Who catch e'en now, thoughts half-expressed,  
In poor, ill-fitting language dressed,  
To such, I say but "Au Revoir,"  
For you, whom I have met before,  
I'll meet again, somewhere, some day,  
And so "Good-bye," I will not say.

*Jessie Alexander Roberts*



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